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SIXPENCE.

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AFTER THE SERVICE IN MEMORY OF THE 104: A BRITISH CHAPLAIN BLESSING A FRENCH SOLDIER, AT HARFLEUR.

Our artist here illustrates a peculiarly interesting incident at Harfleur. Every year for the past five centuries there has been held in the town a service in memory of the 104—that is, of those defenders of the place who fell during the siege by King Henry V. of England, who landed there when on his way to Agincourt. The Rev. D. J. Hiley, a chaplain to the British Forces, with the rank of Captain, was leaving the church after

the service held on the anniversary which occurred the other day, when a young French soldier—taking him, perhaps, for a British Roman Catholic chaplain—told him he was on his way to the front, and asked for his blessing. This was given immediately, the soldier kneeling in the road. It is curious to note that the incident took place in the track of the trams, and a car had to be stopped during it.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PUSS IN BOOTS," AT DRURY LANE.

IT is obvious that there is one luxury Londoners do not intend to go without, even in a war-time Christmas, as a house crowded from orchestra to furthest point of the gallery proved on Boxing Day afternoon at Drury Lane—a house, too, in the liveliest of spirits, and with no pre-occupation, save with the entertainment spread before it; unless that the juniors present in such numbers should not miss a single jest. In fact, your veteran would have said that there was little change in the spirit of audiences to-day as compared with twenty years ago, though he would have agreed, as he studied "Puss in Boots," that times have changed in the fashion of pantomime itself. But for the presence of the titular character, Mr. Collins's newest annual might be likened to a musical comedy on a big scale, so operatic is its score, so wholly has the "principal boy" disappeared. To be sure, there is one reminder of old times. Mr. George Graves figures in woman's dress, but not as the Dame or Ugly Sister of tradition. This popular comedian assumes the most aristocratic of rôles, nothing less than that of a Grand Duchess, and wears robes and modes to suit such an exalted position. To watch the great lady's interviews with rebellious servants, or to catch her back-talk with her lord, is to get constant enjoyment. And, fortunately, the Grand Duke of Mr. Will Evans is equal to the task of acting up to so versatile and therefore disconcerting a partner; he possesses a motor-car which plays the oddest pranks, and does his full share in a topical duet which went last Monday with a roar. Miss Florence Smithson and Mr. Eric Marshall sing sentimental music as well as if they were "starring" in operetta; and Miss Renée Mayer, the most natural of child-actresses, proves once again, this time as Puss, the good fairy of the play. Other favourites who reappear are Mr. Lupino, as agile as ever in acrobatic and rag-time dances; and Mr. Arthur Conquest in the guise of a parrot. On the dresses in exquisite butterfly colours, and the effects of light and scenery secured in the spectacle of "The Fairy Garden," superlatives might be expended without the smallest exaggeration; it is one of the most poetic of all Mr. Collins's inventions.

"THE BABES," AT THE ALDWYCH.

Children should settle down happily before the Aldwych pantomime, quite convinced it was made for them, not only because of its title, but also on the strength of its first scene, which brings Father Christmas into action in a modern nursery, and whisks its occupants straight off to fairy-land. The hopes such a beginning encourages will not be disappointed, and the popular story of "The Babes in the Wood" will be found to be treated with due regard to sentiment, and with a full allowance of fun. If more engaging babes could hardly be imagined than those of Audrey Hughes and Lennie Deane, the former deliciously truculent at need, never, surely, have funnier Robbers fought a fight over the youngsters' fate than the pair the Griffiths Brothers represent; and the climax in which one of them turns himself into a lion, and is carried off on the shoulders of the unrepentant villain, provokes shrieks of delighted laughter. A special feature at the Aldwych is the scene in which certain mechanical toys do wonders, and equally attractive in a different way is the *coup d'œil* of the Fairy Fountains. The cast includes, besides the quartette already mentioned, a dashing "principal boy" in Miss Cressie Leonard, and a rollicking comedian in Mr. Johnnie Schofield junior, both of whom manage to please youthful as well as grown-up playgoers.

"CINDERELLA," AT THE PALLADIUM.

If the revue has ousted pantomime from one or two variety houses which have usually opened their doors to it, the older favourite once more finds a home at the Palladium, where the best of pantomime tales is presented on traditional lines of sumptuousness and dramatic contrast. That glittering coach, with its four white ponies, in which the winsome Cinderella of Miss Daisy Burrell is carried to the ball, is going to be remembered gratefully in many a nursery; and as for the ball, so welcome after the dimness of the heroine's kitchen, which is too reminiscent of the state of our streets—why, it is a blaze of light and colour. And Mr. Gulliver has not forgotten to provide us mirth in his care for what is bright and picturesque. If the young people who are going to spend an afternoon at the Palladium do not chuckle aloud over the way in which Miss Nora Delany's Prince disposes of the pretensions of Buttons, or over the sequel of the Baron's luncheon-party in the woods, they will have to be in a very different temper from that of the Boxing Day audience, which voted the show one of the jolliest as well as the most brilliantly staged versions of "Cinderella" on record.

THREE FAVOURITE PLAYS FOR CHILDREN.

The holiday season sees the customary revival of three plays which are already such favourites with children that merely to mention the titles is to call up memories of their charm. "Peter Pan" has gone a few steps up St. Martin's Lane to the New Theatre, and needs no recommendation for his pirates and mermaids and Redskins. There is a new Peter in the person of Miss Unity More, and the old and ever-welcome Smee of Mr. George Shelton's impersonating. "Peter Pan" has left room at the Duke of York's for "Alice in Wonderland," and in this classic of the nursery Miss Ivy Sawyer re-assumes—is it for the seventh time?—the character of the heroine, and is as refreshingly child-like as ever; her chief supporters are Mr. Franklyn Vernon, as the Mad Hatter, and Messrs. James Harcourt and George Nash as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The third piece is that pretty mixture of fantasy and patriotic sentiment, "Where the Rainbow Ends." Mr. Charles Hawtrey has produced it this year at the Garrick, and his production has the advantage of the services of Miss Mavis Yorke as Will o' the Wisp, and Mr. H. R. Hignett as the chivalrous St. George.

MISS JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY'S CHILDREN'S MATINEES.

The miniature theatre known as the Margaret Morris Theatre, and situated just off King's Road, Chelsea, may

require a little finding, but once you have got there, you will be glad you were so enterprising as to take your youngsters to one of Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay's Children's Matinées, for the entertainment she furnishes is exceptionally tasteful and appropriate. In a stage-setting that Walter Crane would have admired for its elegant simplicity, Miss Mackinlay renders for us happy little nursery songs and carols which she illustrates unaffectedly with gesture and costume, giving place every now and then to choristers who deliver rounds and madrigals, or the joining-in with children in what might be described as a charade, so modestly is it done, did it not bear the title of one of Grimm's fairy-tales. Grown-ups were not afraid to laugh the other day at Miss Mackinlay's little ditty about "the Tree in the Valley" and the way the chick came; and as for the children in attendance they were enchanted, and rightly so, with every item.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," AT THE COURT.

Anticipating by a day or two the rush of competing children's plays, Mr. F. R. Benson has staged at the Court an entertainment which should command the enthusiasm of both youthful and grown-up theatre-goers, and is a reminder of his long and loyal propagandism on behalf of Shakespeare. The day on which he gave the first two performances of his "A Midsummer Night's Dream" revival happened to be the twenty-eighth anniversary of his start in London management, and it was with this very piece that he began his career. Hermias and Helenas, even Oberons and Titaniads, have put on years since then, and Mr. Benson now casts himself for Theseus; but it is pleasant to think that three at least of his old cast are still associated with him. Mr. Otho Stuart, once Oberon, is lessee of the Court; Mr. A. E. George is now promoted to the rôle of Bottom the Weaver, and though he cannot efface memories of George Weir, gives a sturdy enough reading; while another popular Bensonian, Mr. H. O. Nicholson, is once more the drollest of Starvelings. Miss Lily Brayton and Miss Lilian Braithwaite have long left their old home, but we could not ask for more winsome heroines or better foils than Miss Dorothy Green and Miss Glossop Harris provide; and the fairies, the Mendelssohn music, the new scenery, and the dances combine to make as gracious and joyous a show as the most exacting taste could demand.

"THE COMEDY OF ERRORS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Shakespeare is well represented in London this Christmas-tide; if we get his poetry and fancy at the Court, we are given his broad humour at the Duke of York's under Miss Horniman's new management. Not that "The Comedy of Errors" is characteristic Shakespearean farce; we find, rather, in it the rough material which served as his quarry: it is Plautus touched up to suit the groundlings—a mere business of doubles and misunderstandings, of noise and fooling and ludicrous coincidence. Just at present Miss Horniman's comedians have not worked up their gags sufficiently, but there are already evidences of the riotous fun we shall have when they feel themselves more at home, and Miss Edyth Goodall's portrait of the shrew is full of delightful humour. By contrast, the other half of the bill, Molière's "Femmes Savantes," rechristened "The Blue-Stockings," has quite an air of distinction and polish. An improvement on the rougher sketch of "Les Précieuses Ridicules," this skit on a couple of vain ladies who bully their ignorant old father turns out really well in English form and with English acting. Miss Vera Beringer has a light touch in her handling of the precious Philaminte; Mr. Leon Quartermaine's lispng Trissotin proves quite a finished little study; and Miss Goodall

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Inequality of Human Races. Arthur de Gobineau. Translated by Adrian Collins, M.A. 5s. (Heinemann.)
 Herbert Henry Asquith. Harold Spender. 2s. 6d. net (Newnes.)
 David Lloyd George. Herbert Du Parc. 2s. 6d. net (Newnes.)
 Leonardo da Vinci. Dr. Georg Gronau. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth.)
 Rossetti. Ford Madox Hueffer. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth.)
 The Binding of Books. Herbert P. Horne. 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul.)
 A Short History of English Printing, 1476-1900. Henry R. Plomer. 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul.)
 English Coast Defences. George Clinch. 5s. net (Bell.)
 Escape and Other Essays. A. C. Benson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
 Back of the Front. Phyllis Campbell. With an Introduction by W. L. Courtney, M.A., LL.D. 1s. net (Newnes.)
 French Novelists of To-day. (Second Series.) Winifred Stephens. 5s. net (The Bodley Head.)
 Louis Botha. Keith Morris. 1s. net (Stevens.)
 Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" Dramatised. Valerie Wyngate. 2s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul.)
 Foot-Notes to Life. Frank Crane. 3s. 6d. net (The Bodley Head.)
 Rabbi Ben Ezra and Other Poems. Robert Browning. Illustrated by Bernard Partridge. 5s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 More About How to Draw in Pen and Ink. Harry Furniss. 3s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall.)
 Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Musician: His Life and Letters. W. C. Berwick Sayers. 7s. 6d. net (Cassell.)

FICTION.

- Birds' Fountain. Baroness von Hutten. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
 His Lady's Response: Letters to a Wounded Soldier, 1914-1915. E. M. Akers Douglas. 1s. (Saint Catherine Press.)
 The Greater Power. Guy Thorne. 1s. net (Gale and Polden.)
 The Little Blind God. Anne Weaver. 6s. (Melrose.)
 "For This I Had Borne Him." G. F. Bradby. 3s. 6d. net (Smith, Elder.)
 His Unknown Wife. Louis Tracy. 6s. (Cassell.)
 Wee MacGregor Enlists. J. J. Bell. 1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 The One Girl in the World. Charles Garvice. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 The Grey Dawn. Stewart Edward White. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
 Cleopatra a Gipsy. Arthur F. Wallis. 6s. (Sampson, Low.)

NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from abroad, be marked on the back with the name and address of the sender, as well as with the title of the subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for. The Editor cannot assume responsibility for MSS., for Photographs, or for Sketches submitted.

shows her versatility in her quiet burlesque handling of the other bluestocking rôle.

"THE SPANISH MAIN," AT THE APOLLO.

Your schoolboy will revel in the rough-and-ready romance of "The Spanish Main" because he will not trouble enough about the details of plot to notice their clumsiness, will take as part and parcel of the convention all its crudities of dialogue, and will believe what the scenario, the colour, and the bustle of the play seem to imply—that there is realised for him on the stage such a story of desperate pirates, distressed Spanish maidens, dashing Irishmen, and hidden treasure as he has dreamt of in waking visions and read in his magazines. And adults who can follow his example, can treat it all as a series of moving pictures, and forget, for instance, how many times the Irish hero is released from his bonds and imminent death to guide the ship, are most likely to be in the way of sharing his pleasure. The pirates, at any rate, are fearsome wretches, especially Pedro Malorix, "The Vulture," who is so apt with his brandy bottle, and Ah Wi, the bland Celestial whose destiny it is to dispose of his brother-villain. Mr. Caleb Porter and Mr. Randle Ayrton do wonders with these parts. There is also a furious amount of plot and counterplot, and, of course, a happy ending, following episode after episode of peril, in which Mr. Oscar Asche and Miss Lily Brayton make picturesque leading figures. And players, scenery, costumes, pace, do, on the whole, make up largely for a certain poverty of invention on the part of the author.

"JOYLAND," AT THE HIPPODROME.

Yet another revue is the Christmas show at the Hippodrome, but one which has sufficiently individual features to differentiate it from others, and yet approximates nearly enough to type to make the widest appeal to revue-lovers. Mr. Albert de Courville's luck and ingenuity have not stopped short with its title, "Joyland." He gives us a variety of spectacular devices; he combines fun with patriotic appeal; he provides opportunities for a whole crowd of clever performers; and he leaves them and the composer, Herman Darewski, with his engaging melodies, and the stage-manager and chorus to do the rest. It is well done. Mr. Harry Tate and his companion comedians are feeling their way; Miss Shirley Kellogg has a good garden song at her very first appearance; Mr. Bertram Wallis, backed by banner-bearers and drummers, and a flag swung right across the house, is sure to take the town with his ballad, "Our Own Dear Flag." And through the dozen or more turns there is so much diversion and jollity as fully warrants the title.

NEW NOVELS.

"Off Sandy Hook." A Victorian gaiety animates the short stories in "Off Sandy Hook" (Heinemann). They might be told by the funny man sprawling in an arm-chair, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, and a whisky-and-soda at his elbow. "Richard Dehan" enjoys the masculine pose, and carries it off well. The one thing needful to the success of these jovial stories is the ear of a sympathetic audience—you could not, for example, read them aloud to the Vicarage working party. That is an extreme instance; but we are doubtful whether the circle of club gossip to whom "Off Sandy Hook" would be so plainly acceptable exists in the present year of grace. Still, there never was a time when light relief was more welcome; and if "Richard Dehan's" yarns are likely to find favour with the fighting men, they will no doubt have fulfilled the purpose for which they have been brought together.

"Lost Face." The grip of Mr. Jack London's short stories in "Lost Face" (Mills and Boon) is at least equal to anything that may be found in his bigger books. He is one of the few American writers of the moment whose outstanding merit is virility. He is not concerned with unessentials. He is extraordinarily vivid in his plain tales of plain men, and, of course, he is in his element in the frozen North and on the Yukon trail. One of the most significant things to be found in this bunch of gold-seekers' yarns is the indication of the wealth of good material Mr. London must still have in hand, when he lavishes so much stirring incident on seven short stories. "Lost Face," the title-story, is horrible, but its horror is salted with a grim humour—even the humour of a man who outwitted his Indian tormentors, and died cleanly and swiftly when they had arranged that far other things should be the end of him. The women of the book are few, but they are live women; and "The Wit of Porportuk" particularly is notable for its portrait-study of the eternal feminine in El Soo, the Indian girl who outwitted the wise man of her race.

"Through Stained Glass." "Through Stained Glass" (George Allen and Unwin) is a study of life, smacking a little more of theory than of practice, but fresh and vivid in its pictures of the Leighton family. It is not quite clear to us whether Lewis Leighton is or is not to be taken as a typical representative of the good old American ancestors from whom he springs. We think not, and observe that then some of the earlier passages of the book appear to lose their significance; but that, on the other hand, the rambling method of the story gains by an irrelevant charm. Mr. George Agnew Chamberlain, the author, takes his characters over land and sea, and provides an instructive dioramic display of life in America (North and South), in Paris, and in London. The Leighton boy develops from his sexless friendship for Natalie, the chum of his youth, to love for a young woman whose name of Folly would be too good to be possible anywhere but between the covers of a book. Folly, however, is no lay-figure, and the interlude between her and Lewis contains some of the best stuff in the story. The minor characters are not so good. Lady Dent is a wax-work, and the English valet is the English valet of a Christmas oleograph. Mr. Chamberlain will probably do better work—perhaps rather in short sketches than in the full-dress novel.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is one of the paradoxes of the war that the Pacifists who insist on its enormity do not seem to realise how enormous it is. They call it a crime; and yet they want to cure it with a compromise. They dilate on the universality of the horror like men talking of the rent seals and falling stars of the Apocalypse, the portents of plagues and persecutions leading up to the Day of Judgment. And then they do not want it to lead up to a Day of Judgment, or even of logical human justice. They want it to lead up to a mere splitting of the difference, as if it were about the bill of a dressmaker or the nuisance of a dust-bin. I think it strange that men of a sensitive and artistic sort do not see the imaginative inappropriateness of this. The war of the world is much too great an evil to be stopped by a small good. There are a great many entirely practical objections to a premature peace, a peace such as people like Dr. Horton and Mr. J. A. Hobson have suggested. There is the most practical objection of all—which is that the Germans want it. There is the objection that it would leave them with their navy and many other resources intact, and ready for a special war against their special enemy, England, then probably isolated from all her Allies. There is the objection that it would leave them with their prestige intact, at a time when the theatricals of Prussian omnipotence can still be taken seriously by neutrals and civilians. There is the objection that it would constitute a surrender to the least independent and least national elements in Europe, to all that cosmopolitan wealth which is prepared to lend money, but very reluctant indeed to give it. There is (for those who care for such things) the objection that it is wrong. But over and above all these direct considerations, there is a primal and colossal incongruity, about which our mere instincts ought to guide us. A compromise with Prussia (and any possible peace to-day must be a compromise with Prussia) would be a great many things—it would be the suppression of a truth and the falling into a trap; it would be the reprieve of a murderer and the restoration of a tyrant; it would be an illogicality and an injustice and a howling blunder. But it would also be an anti-climax. It would be a bathos; and imagination will not tolerate such an epic ending in a bathos. Everything that is great in the mind of man asks for some greatness in the settlement. Whatever else we have, we must have a peace that shall be worthy of the war.

Pacifists even, or rather Pacifists especially, will agree that whoever really went about to create this universal carnage committed a stupendous crime. If there be any man among calm neutrals, as there are many among angry Germans, who can and does truly believe that Germany was caught in a net of aggressive conspiracy, let him look for a real German triumph. It will take some looking for; but I will never think less of a man for hoping to the last for historic justice. It will mean the end of England and all we are; it will mean the end of France and all we owe to her; but these things are better than the end of all reason and right in the story of the world. If Prussia was a lamb among wolves, let the blood of the lamb cry to heaven for vengeance. I cannot myself understand how anybody who has ever read a Prussian proclamation, or even seen a Prussian officer, can

think that Prussia played the part of such an innocent animal. But "there is no lack of beasts on God's earth," as it says in "Esto Perpetua," and it may be that she is a new and deceptive combination. It can arguably be said that the Englishman is a wolf in sheep's clothing; so I suppose it can be said that the Prussian is a sheep in wolf's clothing. Anyhow, it is said that Germany was a victim, if it is said by nobody except Germans. If anyone who says this really thinks this, let him carry his thought through to its right and triumphant conclusion. Let him hope for the justification of every German boast, for the

for a people wantonly dragged out unwilling into a world of war. Assuredly, if we are not right we are very wrong. If we sowed this planet with such a pestilence and then disclaimed our responsibility, then we are indeed a league of blasphemous hypocrites; and we deserve the last horrors that the universe can hold—yes, even a German peace.

But if it was not we, it was they; and it was they. It was not a misunderstanding. Of that there is a perfectly plain test. No man can complain of a misunderstanding when he has publicly and positively refused to understand. When people are merely puzzled with each other's conduct, they ask to have it explained; they do not, like the Germans, refuse to have it explained. Serbia asked for delay, and Austria refused it. Sir Edward Grey asked for a consultation of the Powers, and Germany refused it. These facts might possibly be reconciled somehow with the idea that the German Powers wanted a necessity or even a right. They cannot be reconciled anyhow with the idea that they wanted an explanation. Whatever was in their minds, their minds were made up. They may have had some hope of peace in the sense of a hope of panic and impotence among their rivals. The more serious among them hardly pretend that they wanted to keep Serbia out of war; but they may have wanted to keep Russia out of war. But even if so, they hoped to keep her out of it by daring her to come into it. If I knock a man over and take his watch, I do not want a fight. I want a watch. But Russia was much more morally bound to fight for Serbia than any private citizen to fight for his private timepiece; and the broad facts remain as I have stated them. We conceivably might make some sense of the story by supposing that the Central Powers were demanding what seemed to them a legitimate or inevitable fight. We can make no sense of it at all on the theory that they were not demanding a fight. And this Inferno is the fight they demanded.

In a sense it is due to the very height and pride of the Prussian challenge that we should answer it as decisively as it is offered. Those who do not understand how decisive it is do not know anything of Prussian history. It would have been an almost incredible coincidence if this war had not been rooted in the ambition of Prussia. All the similar conflicts immediately before it were rooted in the ambition of Prussia. She never dreamed of disavowing that ambition until a month or two ago, when its chances for the first time began to look dark. That Prussia desires to dominate is as much a mere fact of history as that the Catholic Church desires to convert, or that modern physical science desires to discover.

Those who, faced with the testament of Frederick the Great and the tradition transmitted by Bismarck, can suppose that everybody alike blundered into this war may just as well believe that Captain Peary blundered towards the North Pole, or that the Crusaders happened to stroll absent-mindedly in an easterly direction. To those who know the story, a premature and partial settlement is almost more comic than it is tragic. This thing is rushing upon us with all the force behind it of three hundred years of a fixed idea; and in order to be checked it must be shattered.

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SUCCESSOR TO GENERAL SIR CHARLES MONRO IN COMMAND OF THE FORCES IN GALLIPOLI.
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY.

Various changes in British commands were announced on December 22. General Sir Douglas Haig having assumed the supreme command of the British Forces in France and Flanders, General Sir Charles Monro, who was appointed to the command of the Forces in Gallipoli last October, becomes commander of the First Army. Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Murray, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, succeeds Sir Charles Monro. Sir Archibald, who is a very hard worker, went to South Africa on the Staff in 1899, and remained on the Staff until his present appointment. He was Director of Military Training at the War Office from 1907 until 1912, when he became Inspector of Infantry. He was born in 1860; and joined the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers in 1879. He served in Zululand in 1888, as well as in the Boer War.

Photograph by Swaine.

realisation of every German illusion. Let him trust that Hindenburg, though he has failed to conquer the Russians six times, may succeed the seventh time, because seven is a lucky number. Let him hope that Von Kluck may again go on throwing large armies at Paris until he hits it. Let him pray that the German Emperor may not die of hope deferred, with Calais written on his heart. Let him hope to see the British Navy battered by disaster after disaster which shall culminate, as with a crescendo and a crash, in several German ships coming out of their canal. Such toppling triumphs are not too great as compensations

THE TIGRIS CAMPAIGN AS SEEN IN A BRITISH OFFICER'S SKETCH-BOOK: AT CAMP MAZERA AND AT FORT SNIPE.



FORT SNIPE: AN INTERIOR—"FURNITURE BY MAPLE; DRAPERIES BY LIBERTY" (OCCUPANT'S DESCRIPTION!)



THROUGH MUD AND WATER! BRINGING UP SUPPLIES AT CAMP MAZERA: THE MAIN ROAD FROM GUNNER PIER AFTER RAIN.



CAUSEWAY RAISED ALMOST DAILY TO KEEP IT ABOVE THE FLOODS. MULE CORPS STANDING ANKLE-DEEP IN MUD AT CAMP MAZERA.



"THE EARLY MORNING OUTLOOK FROM OUR BUNK-HOLE": A BRITISH OFFICER'S SKETCH AT CAMP MAZERA.



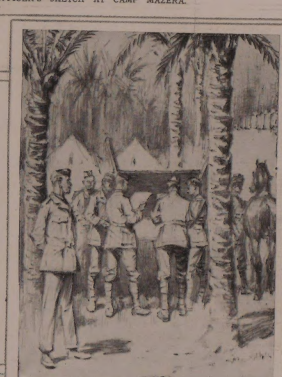
HOW PALM-TREES ARE PUT TO MILITARY USE—AN OBSERVATION POST AT FORT SNIPE.



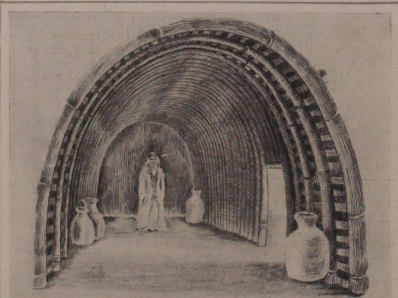
A CURIOUS EFFECT OF MIRAGE NEAR THE TIGRIS: ANGLO-INDIAN TRENCHES NEAR MAZERA.



A ROAD THROUGH FLOODS THAT HAD TO BE RAISED EVERY DAY: THE CAUSEWAY FROM GUNNER PIER TO CAMP MAZERA.



CAMP MAZERA'S "EVENING NEWS": A TELEGRAM BOARD OUTSIDE BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS.



NATIVE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN THE REGION TRAVERSED BY THE TIGRIS EXPEDITION: AN ARAB HUT INTERIOR NEAR NO. 1 PORT AT MAZERA.



WHERE THE TURKS FACED GENERAL FRY'S ATTACK ON KURNA IN DECEMBER 1914: A CAPTURED ENEMY TRENCH NEAR MAZERA.



"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?": A SEARCHLIGHT AT FORT WINSLOW, KURNA—WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS AND A SUNKEN MAHALA (TURKISH BOAT).



A GRANARY USED AS A CHURCH: AN INTERIOR AT AMARA (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH KUT-EL-AMARA).

News of the Mesopotamian Expedition published by the India Office on December 28 shows that our forces on the Tigris at Kut-el-Amara spent Christmas Eve in heavy fighting with the Turks. On Christmas Day General Townshend reported: "Midnight, 24th to 25th, fierce fighting for possession of Fort took place. The enemy effected a lodgment in the northern bastion, were ejected, came on again and occupied the bastion. The garrison (Oxford Light Infantry and 103rd) held on to entrenchment, and were reinforced by the Norfolk Regiment and the 104th Pioneers. The enemy vacated bastion early on Christmas morning, and retired into trenches 400 to 900 yards in rear. The rest of Christmas Day passed quietly. The Fort garrison, in excellent spirits, reoccupied the bastion. The enemy's casualties were estimated at about 700, our own at 190 killed and wounded." The above illustrations, some in facsimile and others redrawn, are from sketches, recently to hand, made by an officer during the advance up the Tigris earlier in the campaign. Mazera Camp, in the neighbourhood of which

they were made, is to the east of the river, opposite Kurna, where the Tigris joins the Euphrates. Kurna is about 140 miles as the crow flies from Kut-el-Amara, which is further up the Tigris towards Bagdad. Kut-el-Amara must not be confused with Amara, also on the Tigris, but lower down, some 60 miles above Kurna. Some of the sketches give a vivid idea of the difficulties encountered from mud and floods in the spring. As regards drawing No. 11, a note to the original sketch reads: "Watchman, what of the night?" Kurna Searchlight, Fort Winslow, Kurna. Palm-tree on near bank of river. Sunken mahala, palms on far bank. Wire entanglements in foreground, 9 March, 1915. The sunken mahala was blown up on them that exceptional interest and authority which can only be obtained under conditions such as those we mention.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

WOUNDED SOLDIERS AS CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINERS: SINGING AT THE CHILDREN'S PARTY AT ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIALIST, S. BEGG.



CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL: CHILDREN OUT-PATIENTS JOINING IN THE CHORUS OF "SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS," SUNG BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Christmas festivities this year were kept chiefly for the soldiers and the children, and at the great London hospitals, where there are many wounded men and little patients are always numerous, there were merry scenes. At St. George's Hospital, where there are 330 patients, a concert was given to the sick and wounded soldiers, and Christmas-trees were provided in the out-patients' department and in the children's wards. At the party for the children out-patients the usual order of things—that is, the entertaining of wounded soldiers—was reversed, and the men themselves for the most part entertained the youthful guests, who are here seen joining heartily in the chorus of "Sister Susie." Besides the concert, they had tea, with crackers, oranges, and so on, and presents off the Christmas-tree. The expenses of the festivities at St. George's were borne by a special Christmas fund, to which many Governors of the hospital and other friends subscribed, including the staff and the students.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ALTERNATIVE.

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

TO nag malignantly at a Government which can still claim to represent the views, and is actually carrying on the business, of the nation is a sorry kind of criticism at the best of times. During a crisis like the present, when union is a necessity and discord a public danger, it is a patriotic duty to discourage all such strictures. For they neither further the cause nor reform the erring Ministers. Besides, one should remember that every Government, however carefully selected, has a debit as well as a credit account. Even the most genial statesmen are not immune from error, and they themselves are usually best qualified to repair their mistakes. It is fair to say that this elementary truth has been more fully grasped and more magnanimously applied by the British than by any other people since the days of the ancient Romans. And the effort has been made easy by our ingrained dislike of swapping horses when crossing the stream. Whole-hearted co-operation with the Government, therefore, has been attained throughout the British Empire almost as readily as in Japan, or Germany, and more easily than in any other country.

But co-operation implies approval, if not of tactical details, at least of the general system, and faith in its efficiency. For if that system be faulty, the force expended in working it is not merely lost labour; it is a sapping of the cause which we are championing, a cutting of the ground from under our own feet. And those who, with the main facts before them, honestly hold that certain fundamental principles underlying the Allies' policy at the present juncture are distinctly harmful have the duty to raise their voices and a claim to be heard by the Government and the nation. For, after all, it is immaterial by whom the ship of state is saved. The all-important concern is that it should be piloted through the tempestuous sea on which it is now being buffeted, into calm waters unharmed.

Now in France, Russia, Italy, and at home there is a strong and growing feeling that the Allies, led by Great Britain, unwisely handicapped themselves from the start with a set of self-imposed conditions meant to distinguish them honourably from their enemy, but which really tend to frustrate some of their most elaborate efforts. It is further held that their strategy, political as well as military, is marred by an involuntary disregard for some of the essential elements of the problem, and their tactics are thwarted by the same cause coupled with a strange fondness for the tardy employment of inadequate means. As a well-known statesman somewhat bluntly expressed it to me: "The Allies' statesmanship is characterised by ignorance of leading facts, short-sightedness in surveying situations, slowness in coming to decisions, and inadequacy of the means employed to carry them out." The results of sixteen months' warfare are so many counts in a tremendous indictment against the sum total of conceptions, principles, prejudices, reservations, machinery and personal intervention which may be termed "the System." Nearly every leading man among the Allies with whom I have discussed the subject is convinced that we shall have to choose between the retention of that sinister System and the fulfilment of our hopes of final victory.

The latest achievement of the System was the Balkan mess. The story cannot be told within the limits of a single article, but it may not be amiss to sketch its final phase, the Serb disaster. The destruction of Serbia was just as unnecessary as the immolation of the thousands of British youths on the desolate peninsula of Gallipoli. Not only could it have been avoided, but its avoidance would have upset the enemy's plans and enabled us, if not to score a complete success, at least to make considerable headway.

Pashitch, the Serbian Premier, who knows Bulgaria well, had over and over again warned the representatives of the Allies that her policy was directed to the attainment of two aims, to separate the Greeks from the Serbs geographically and also politically, and to obtain for herself outlets on the four seas. But the statesmen of the Allies knew better. They put their trust in the gratitude of the Bulgarian people towards Russia, and in the good faith of Ferdinand of Coburg and Radoslavoff. Their trust was implicit, and they built upon it. When Bulgaria began to mobilise, Pashitch sent a circular telegram to each of Serbia's diplomatic representatives in the Allied countries instructing them to sound the Governments to which they were accredited as to whether Serbia might save herself from the ruin that was overtaking her, by presenting an ultimatum to Bulgaria, and, if necessary, hindering by force the concentration of troops.

On Sept. 24, Pashitch telegraphed to Serbia's representatives abroad telling them that two Entente Ministers had exhorted him to be extremely prudent and not to

provoke Bulgaria by deed or word. "Does that mean," he enquired, "that we are to make no preparations for the invasion of our country which we see coming?" "No," they answered. "Defensive measures you may adopt, but nothing more."

On the same day he telegraphed to the same representatives his view of the situation. Starting from the assumption that Bulgaria was making ready to attack Serbia, Pashitch admonished the Entente Powers that they must come to a prompt decision, which must merge in resolute action. Otherwise, he added, a catastrophe is certain. And this was his plan. The first thing to do is to present an ultimatum to Bulgaria, allowing her twenty-four hours for a satisfactory answer. The next move would be for the Allied troops to occupy Varna, Burgas,



THE DISPATRIATION OF SERBIA: WOMEN AND CHILDREN COMPELLED TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES.

and Dedeagatch; and if for any reason this were not feasible, the Allies should at least block these ports. Over and above this, they should despatch troops to Salonika without delay to help the Serbs.

That was Pashitch's diagnosis and remedy. He was a specialist, and had a claim to be listened to with respect. The statesmen of the Entente had none. Accordingly, they answered Pashitch with the assurance that they were quite as interested in Bulgaria's attitude as Serbia could be, because all their Balkan plans depended on that. But they felt unable to share his misgivings. Bulgaria would not attack Serbia. "I am literally stupefied," the Serbian Premier telegraphed, "that at this late period they should still entertain such groundless notions. The Bulgars, in

in Sofia* that the object of the mobilisation was not Serbia, against whom Bulgaria had no grudge, but Turkey, on whom it was necessary to put pressure in order to compel her to yield in the matter of the railways. On the following day the Bulgarian Minister at Nish repudiated, in conversation with Pashitch, the anti-Serbian designs ascribed to Bulgaria. The proximate cause of the mobilisation, according to his version, was the pressure which the Central Empires were putting upon Serbia.

On Sept. 25 the Entente Powers came to a decision about Pashitch's plan of campaign. They felt unable to approve his scheme of presenting an ultimatum to Bulgaria before she had concentrated her troops. She must first be allowed to mobilise and concentrate. An attack before that would, of course, be immoral. At the Cabinet Council held in Rome this view was not unanimously adopted. Opinions were divided. But the majority agreed with the British statesmen. And the Allies chivalrously protected Bulgaria while she mobilised against Serbia. The system which thus led to the ruin of Serbia is the same that hindered the British people from perceiving the signs of the advent of the war, of the violation of Belgian territory, of the defection of Turkey, of the enormous strength of Germany, of the duration of the struggle. Its retention is, to my thinking, incompatible with victory. And this conviction is shared by the leading men of Europe. It is for the nation, therefore, to make its choice between the two alternatives.

Having forbidden Serbia in the name of morality to save herself, as she could and would have done, the Allies saddled themselves with the moral obligation of saving her at all costs. And the Allies are nothing if not moral. And yet, when the worst came to the worst, they hesitated. French statesmen negated the proposal to rig out an expedition and despatch it to Salonika. The Italian Government, being requested to take part in it, refused categorically. The British Foreign Office, unable to discern the advantage of such a scheme, took time to study it. The British military expert scouted it offhand, and made no secret of his opinion. And while the doctors disagreed the patient was left to his fate uncared for.

One thing the Allies did for Serbia—they gave her good advice. "Keep your army intact," they said. "Sacrifice everything else to that. Retreat without giving battle." To the Serbs, who were keen for fight, this was unwelcome counsel. At the very least, one pitched battle on Kossovo field might be permitted them. But no; the Allies were emphatic, and the uninitiated wondered why the Serbs had displayed so little resistance. The depression of the Serbs was intense. For it confirmed their feeling that their every act of faith in the Allies was doomed to disappointment. For during Bulgaria's first advance they had been told by their chiefs that their powerful friends the British and the French were coming to their assistance, and would shortly arrive. The people believed and rejoiced. Flags and standards waved from the houses of Nish in honour of the coming guests. But neither French nor English appeared, and the soldiers were ordered to quit the city. They were cheered, however, by the assurance that the mighty Allies would shortly effect a junction with them on the way, and enable them to meet their foes. Once more they were believed, and once more they were undeceived. No mighty Allies met them. Orders came that they were to quit the soil of Serbia without giving battle to the enemy. This was indeed the abomination of desolation.

"Back into Albania," came the command. Over desolate mountains and valleys, smitten with disease, sore tried with hunger and other hardships, and, most painful of all, with the soul-chill that comes after dissipated illusions and lost ideals, the gallant Serbs wended mournfully. Entering Albania, they find utter desolation. Ruined villages, roofless dwellings, arid wastes await them. And some contingents arrived there after having passed five days without food—literally without food. The number expected to arrive is computed at 120,000-150,000 men, who together with the refugees will

amount to about 200,000 odd. Whether the Italians, seconded by the Allies, can feed this multitude and keep it from starvation is still dubious.

And the destruction of that heroic people—the purest and noblest of the Slav race—is but one of a long list of calamitous results produced by the System. It is set for disaster, and cannot ensure victory. Is the nation really minded that it should continue working?

That the names are known to me may be gathered from the exact details I am giving of events. But all that concerns the nation is the System. The men who work it are giving of their best.



CIVILIAN PRISONERS IN SERBIA: INHABITANTS OF A SERBIAN TOWN DRIVEN OUT OF THEIR HOUSES AND LED AWAY BY AUSTRO-GERMAN TROOPS.

Photograph by Continphot.

concert with the Austro-Germans, are about to fall foul of us. And what is more, they will bring their enterprise to a successful issue unless our Allies come to our succour effectively, and at once. If they assist us, and we can hinder the concentration of Bulgarian troops in the way I suggested, all will be well; but not otherwise. Otherwise, the Bulgars will succeed."

I was aware of all this when I wrote deprecating the unduly optimistic attitude taken up by our Foreign Office in particular, and by the Allied Governments in general. They eagerly listened to Radoslavoff, the Bulgarian Premier, who on Sept. 24 assured an Entente diplomatist

TRENCHES IN THE ETERNAL SNOWS: THE WINTER WAR IN THE ALPS.



“LA TEMPERATURA RIGIDISSIMA NON SCEMA L'ATTIVITÀ DELLE NOSTRE INSTANCABILI TRUPPE”: ITALIAN TRENCHES IN THE SNOW OF THE TONALE ZONE AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET.

In a recent Italian *communiqué* it was stated: “Nella zona montuosa del teatro delle operazioni (In the mountainous zone of the theatre of operations) la temperatura rigidissima non scema l'attività delle nostre instancabili truppe (the severest temperature does not diminish the activity of our indefatigable troops).” Artillery actions have continued without cessation along that part of the Italian front, and, as our photograph shows, trenches are dug above the snow-line, which in the Alps varies from about

7500 to 9000 feet. The photograph was taken in the region of Monte Tonale, in the western Trentino, at a height of 3000 metres, or about 9750 feet. For some little time after the Italian landing in Albania was made known, news from the other Italian fronts was scanty. It was mentioned, however, that the Austrian artillery had been active in the Carso, and that the Italians had replied and had again bombarded Gorizia. An Austrian *communiqué* mentioned isolated artillery encounters on the Tyrolean front.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE Sergeant in the Recruiting Station, where they did not take recruits, but only sent them along to the depot in so many parcels, suggested that to-night was too late. Better go to-morrow. Be prepared to give the whole of to-morrow to it, also. The Man had escaped from the dingy place, like an animal who had escaped a well-laid trap. He was relieved enormously. An evening and a night between him and—it. He could breathe once more. He felt, as he had always felt, that something would happen, something clamantly final, and he would be saved. An evening and a night: that would turn the balance.

Strange, he was a little damp as he came out of the Recruiting Office. And why?—a little bit dismal, too. Underneath—that curious underneath that took so final and gloomy a view of things in spite of the tremendous logic of his reasoning—underneath he was a little wretched because he had been put off. The thing underneath was quite certain that the evening and night would be empty of saving miracles. It would contain no more than the old string of worries and anxieties and vacillations. "Oh, Lord!" it seemed to say, "have we got to go through it all again? We might have finished right away." The Man hated the curious certainty of that thing underneath; and, funny, he seemed to know that it was right.

The Man walked home quickly. He no longer met the eyes of the Armleted or the Khakied with that bold, frank stare he had trained himself to give since the opening of the war; the stare which he considered said: "Well, I admire you. You're a fine feller. I wish I could be as you . . . but if you only knew . . ."—the stare that is, which he had calculated would be the best to choke off the earnest recruiter. He did not use this, but instead he smiled secretly into their eyes, as if to convey that he, too, was of their clan; he, too, had joined . . . Well, anyhow, he'd been along to the Johnny, who, with the usual War Office inefficiency . . .

But, somehow, the men with the armlets and the men in khaki didn't seem to be interested in him. They walked by as if he was just a man in the street. The immense and difficult battle of his soul was nothing to them. They were enormously unexcited. He felt, almost, he would like to stop them, and tell them all about himself. Everybody ought to see the nicety and the difficulty of his position.

At home no thrill. He had settled the matter here, of course, when he had decided to go; but really, he thought, their interest might have been warmer. He told them what had happened, lightly and with ironic smiles at the way the Army did things. Joan had said: "Well, that'll mean a little earlier to-morrow. Breakfast at eight, then." He was shocked at Joan. So cold. So ready to deliver her brother to the bullet. She had settled her mind with the rest; still, she might have protested. She might have argued against his going—if only a little. Nobody argued. Nobody helped him to swing his soul over to the side of negation. Nobody said: "Well, risk it." He was bereft, alone. He felt that things had got beyond him; he had got into a current and it was carrying him along, and he was amazed that nothing, no hand, was there to stop him. He was amazed, too, that this tremendous thing was happening and the worlds did not shake, or pause in the whole process of life to watch the happening.

He picked up the evening papers. Fear, anger, interest, hopelessness, anxiety that he would get left, a sort of shame that he was *really* the sort of man who stood aside and let others risk and fight, a sort of keen eagerness in the whole rush of the business—that was what came to him out of the evening papers. There were photographs of fat queues stretching down streets. There was a legend of "the eleventh hour." Misery and yet elation, that was his feeling. He felt cornered . . . and yet there was growing up within him something like comfort.

The Sergeant did not shout when he arrived. He showed no particular joy. Very promptly he produced

railway passes, and The Man was in a third-class carriage going to the depot town. There was another young man with him. They shook their heads at the way the Army did things, and explained to each other the irrefutable reasons why they should not be made to join. Both were conscious of their exceptional circumstances of excuse. The great machine of enlistment was incapable of discriminating in delicate individual cases. They alone could exercise their choice and judgment. They alone knew they should not enlist. Yet they were going to enlist. Why? They shook their heads; it was hopeless to attempt to reason with the giant and muddled chaos that was eager for their young lives. Why argue with it at all? What was the good? Their attitude towards enlistment was almost pitying in its superiority.

But, somehow, The Man felt rather settled, rather—jolly, inside.

The queue was rather fearful. In the road, and so open to the winds. The Man felt that if he walked up to it, immediately the whole public life of the town would stop, and he would be watched with amazed surprise. People would smile, with meaning smiles, and murmur that he was slipping in at the last hour. People were so foolish, and they didn't take the trouble to know. . . . In spite of many thoughts and hesitations he found himself walking quite without excitement to the end of the line. The man in front of him shifted a little, looked

stockbrokers, but comrades. Even now, it seemed, a uniformity had come over them; they laughed and grumbled and made exchanges as though khaki had hidden all grades and they were men gathered in one body to do one thing. The Man, who had never spoken to a carman before, exchanged small remarks about the slowness of the whole process of recruiting with a carman, and never even troubled himself to wonder how it was that the carman was quite human.

Slow it all was. But there was no anxiety about it. Only an admirable good temper. As they packed tighter near the door, the bright jokes increased. Men coming out were chaffed. They did not seem crushed by the fact that they had been accepted, and were condemned to go out and fight. They fought their way out through the crowd with shouted and jolly remarks. And—it was singular this—when a man came out rejected the crowd was, somehow, sympathetic. Not sentimental; agreed that the man was lucky to be rejected, but not at all eager that they should be rejected also. They were fatalistically practical. If they were going to be accepted, they were going to be accepted; if not, they were not. There was no shiftiness or falseness about them. The Man had rehearsed his entry into the recruiting office many times. As he stepped into the room he saw that he had rehearsed for a play in which, after all, he was but a super. He was swept crisply through the process. Nobody troubled

about his personality, or his excuses. Nobody asked him why he hadn't come before. A pleasant, brisk, and cheerful man put questions all about himself, and The Man helped the brisk fellow out, correcting him even, when he made slips; because the brisk one was an unskilled helper, ardent but ignorant. The Man liked this, liked the whole crisp essence of it. It was all rather exhilarating. Through room to room he went. The Doctor went over him swiftly, smiling, treating him not at all as though he were a criminal. The Doctor was not troubled about his past. His physical development pleased the Doctor, and The Man immediately felt that the medico was an excellent friend. He had forgotten all about himself, and all about the grave difficulties that forbade him enlisting. He felt that all ought to enjoy this, and he was sorry that others were too busy to make the most of it. He helped out his carman friend, when that excellent fellow was labouring under the impression that he should take his pay and his oath in the nude. As he was able to give precise information, others turned to him for help. He did not feel important, but he felt that

it was good to get all things going with a swing.

And elated, yes, that was what he felt most. He went out into the streets, bought chocolates for Joan with his two-and-ninepence—that was a humorous idea; discussed medical cases with other recruits, and went home. He began to wonder what he worried about so long. He wondered why he had clung so desperately to his very thin excuses. And he no longer looked at armlets or khaki. He didn't even look at youths who did not sport armlets or khaki. Why should he? What affair of his was it? Let them look after their own troubles. He did not even wonder if Lord Derby was going to ask the Government to conscript unmarried men or not. It did not seem to him a vitally important problem now. If the young men had to be raked in, let 'em be raked in. That was their look out, why should he think of them . . . ? They were idiots to make a noise about themselves. . . .

Joan came swiftly to the door. Joan asked a trite question.

"Oh, Lord, yes," he told her. "Took me at once—of course, why shouldn't they?"

Joan stepped back. There was almost a flush in her cheeks.

"But—you don't seem put out."

"What on earth is there to get excited about?" he asked her. And he meant it.—[THE END.]



THE CALLING-UP OF THE FIRST FOUR "DERBY" GROUPS: AN ARMLETED MAN INTERESTED IN THE PROCLAMATION POSTED UP IN LONDON.

Photograph by L.N.A.

at him negligently, and went on reading his paper. The other three men in front of him did not even turn round. The people walked by in the street without tremor. Some of them looked at the crowd, but there was no passion about them.

Men came up behind him, and the queue lengthened. It moved up very slowly, and standing still became rather boring. Now and then a man in the street would find an acquaintance in the crowd, and he would say something witty. There was generally something witty flung back, and there was laughter; it was so easy to laugh. But nobody protested against injustice. Nobody put his case forcefully and overwhelmingly. Nobody wanted to know about the man next to him. Nobody accused another or excused himself. They were calm, ordinary, undramatic; like men waiting their turn at the pit of a theatre.

They were very homely. The Man saw they were quite as other men he knew; friendly and companionable. There were all kinds and conditions. Comfortable-looking men and navvies, men who must be the fathers of many children, and men who had not yet had time to realise they were no longer boys. Some looked as if they had never dirtied their hands, some as though they had never washed their bodies. All kinds, pleasant and unpleasant—but (and the sensation was attractive) all kinds and conditions had been fused into one atmosphere of companionableness: they were, already, neither navvies nor

THE ENEMY INTRIGUES IN PERSIA: WITH THE BRITISH ISPAHAN REFUGEES.



THE REFUGEES' CARAVAN EN ROUTE FOR AHWAZ: THE PERSIAN MOUNTED ESCORT.



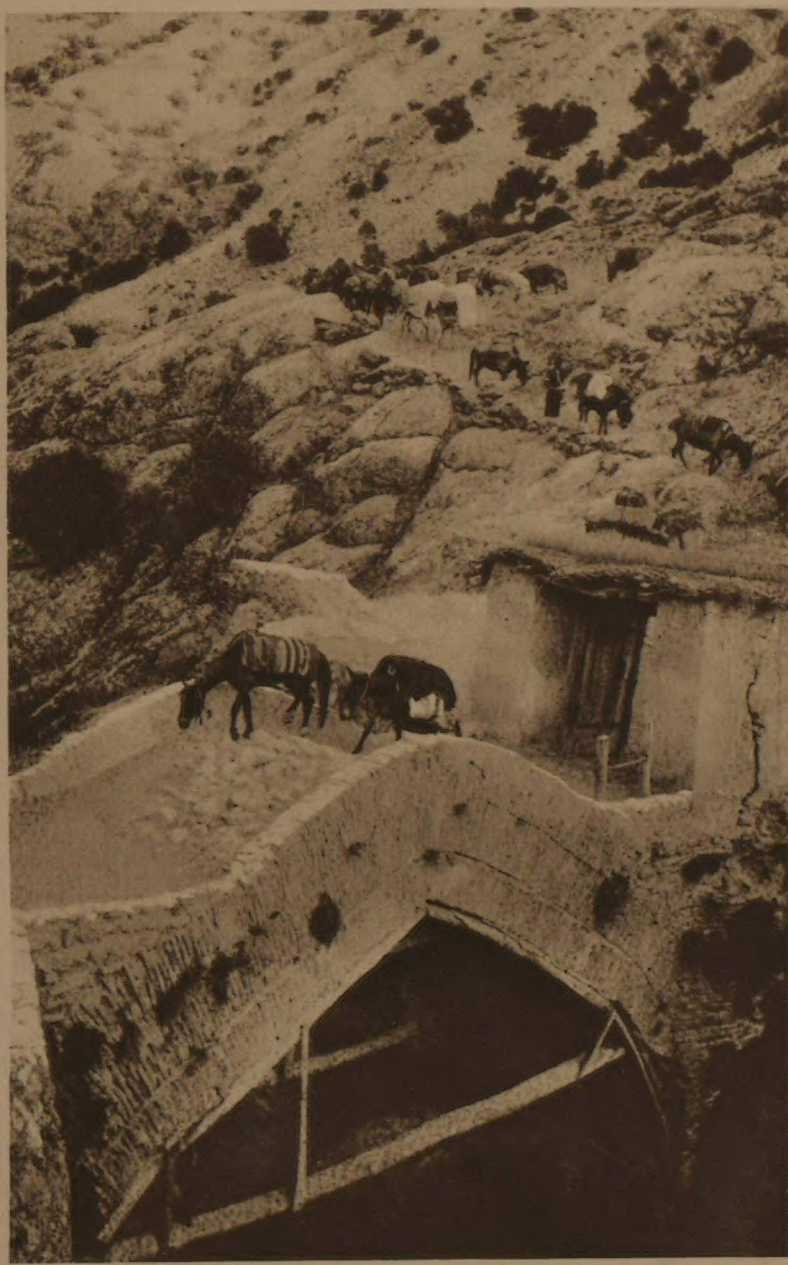
A HALT BY THE WAY: HOW THE BRITISH LADIES TRAVELLED IN "KHAJAVEHS," OR MULE-BOXES.



A POWERFUL FRIEND THE GERMANS TRIED IN VAIN TO BRIBE: SIRDAR-I-MUKHTASHIM, THE BAKHTIARI CHIEF (IN FRONT ON THE RIGHT).



WITH THE BAKHTIARIS, THE GREAT PERSIAN NOMAD TRIBE: AMONG THE BLACK BAKHTIARI TENTS SEEN EVERYWHERE.



THE SCRUB-COVERED COUNTRY PASSED THROUGH: A MOUNTAIN ROAD AND TYPICAL PERSIAN BRIDGE.

The enemy's intrigues in Persia first became active in the attempted assassination of Mr. Graham, the British Consul at Ispahan, on September 2, when one of his escort was killed. For some time before, the Germans had been at work at Ispahan. They had set up a wireless station there, and issued a daily paper in Persian giving strictly German war "news." They began to arrive at Ispahan early last year, some passing through, others who stayed secretly bringing arms and Maxims, and setting to work among the bad characters of the place. The Persian authorities were powerless. On September 14, the British and Russian community at Ispahan, Consuls, bank staffs, etc.,

left, the former proceeding to Ahwaz, 180 miles off towards the Persian Gulf. Our photographs are by one of the British party. Some Persian cavalry escorted them, aided at night by village watchmen. The ladies travelled in khajavehs, mule-boxes, slung one on each side of a mule. On the way they passed the black tents of parties of Bakhtiaris—a large Persian nomad tribe—moving south from the hill country to winter quarters. The Sirdar-i-Mukhtashim, head of the clan, was most hospitable, in spite of a reported German offer of £100,000 if he stopped the caravan. With him was Sirdar-i-Jang (seen with one hand in his pocket). After twenty days' journeying the caravan reached Ahwaz.

A CONTRACTION OF FRONT AT "ANZAC" AND SUVLA BAY: SCENES OF THE REMARKABLE TRANSFERENCE OF TROOPS.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1, 2, AND 3 BY ALPIERI; 4 AND 7, OFFICIAL PRESS BUREAU PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



LEADING UP TO QUINN'S POST, A MUCH-CONTESTED POINT IN THE "ANZAC" ZONE: SAPS.



AN 11-INCH TURKISH SHELL BURSTING IN THE WATER BEYOND THE SHELL-BURST, LIGHTERS USED FOR STORES AND SUPPLIES; IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE, A PICKET-BOAT, AND A HORSE-LIGHTER.



VERY DIFFICULT COUNTRY, NEAR THE "ANZAC" POSITION, WHICH WAS THE STARTING-PLACE OF A DIVERSION: WALKER'S RIDGE.



LOOKING ACROSS THE COUNTRY TOWARDS SUVLA BAY: A VIEW OF "ANZAC," FROM WHICH ALL THE TROOPS HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY TRANSFERRED TO ANOTHER SPHERE OF OPERATIONS.



AFTER CARRYING WATER TO THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES AT SUVLA BAY: MEN RETURNING FROM THE FIRING-LINE.



LEAVING THE TRENCHES FOR A REST: INFANTRY ON THE MARCH—AND MUCH DUST!



SHOWING MANY DUG-OUTS: A VIEW AT "ANZAC," WHICH, WITH THE SUVLA BAY POSITION, WAS THE SCENE OF OUR REMARKABLE TRANSFERENCE OF TROOPS.

On the afternoon of December 20 the War Office made two announcements which have aroused enormous interest. The first was: "All the troops at Suva and 'Anzac,' together with their guns and stores, have been successfully transferred, with insignificant casualties, to another sphere of operations." The second was: "Some further details of the evacuation of 'Anzac' and Suva have been received. Without the Turks being aware of the movement, a great army has been withdrawn from one of the areas occupied on the Gallipoli Peninsula, although in closest contact with the enemy. By this contraction of front, operations at other points of the line will be more effectively carried out. Sir Charles Monro gives great credit for this skilfully conducted transfer of forces to the Generals commanding and the Royal Navy." The night communiqué from Paris said: "During the day of the 19th our artillery supported a successful attack by the British troops against the Turkish trenches at the western extremity of the Gallipoli Peninsula. In conformity with a plan concerted between the Allied Staffs, the British Commander decided to transfer to another theatre of operations—the troops who landed at Cape Suva, and—occupied on the northern part of the

Peninsula of Gallipoli a position the strategic value of which had been minimised by the new developments of the operations in the East. The embarkation of the troops with their stores was carried out under the best conditions without molestation by the Turks." Speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. Asquith paid a great tribute to the troops, especially to the Australians and the New Zealanders, and said that the evacuation did not involve any similar operation at Helles, where our joint naval and military forces command the entrance to the Straits. The total casualties during the operations were two military and one naval wounded! Quinn's Post, a much-contested point in the "Anzac" position, was mentioned frequently in Sir Ian Hamilton's first despatch. It gained its name from the gallant Major Quinn, who was killed in action while leading a bayonet-charge by the 15th Australian Infantry Brigade. Walker's Ridge, which has been mentioned on a number of occasions, is near the "Anzac" position, and it was from there that troops made a sortie when assisting in these operations which were designed to divert the attention of the Turks from our movements against Anafarta Bay.

WHEN WOOLWICH ARSENAL EMPLOYED 169 MEN, AND

ORIGINALS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE



WOOLWICH ARSENAL IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY DRAWINGS: GRINDING POWDER—AN OVERSEER ON THE LEFT.



ONE OF A SERIES OF ELEVEN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF THE INTERIOR OF THE WOOLWICH ARSENAL, APPARENTLY NEVER ENGRAVED; AND



WHEN WOOLWICH ARSENAL MEASURED 100 YARDS BY 70 YARDS: A GENERAL VIEW FROM WITHIN THE "SQUARE" AS ORIGINALLY BUILT, WITH STACKS OF CANNON-BALLS; AND THE TOWER-HOUSE SHOWING ABOVE THE BUILDINGS ON THE LEFT.

MEASURED 100 YARDS BY 70! "UNKNOWN" WATER-COLOURS.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



"ROYAL LABORATORY, WOOLWICH," DATING FROM ABOUT 1750; AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: IN THE SMITHY.



WHEN ONLY 169 MEN WERE EMPLOYED AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL: WORK IN THE "ROYAL LABORATORY."



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CLOCK-TOWER ON THE SOUTH OF THE "SQUARE": A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING, DATING FROM ABOUT 1750, OF THE OUTHOUSES ADJOINING THE ARSENAL, THEN KNOWN AS THE ROYAL LABORATORY, WOOLWICH.

The birthplace of a great national industry never lacks interest, but our illustrations of Woolwich Arsenal as it was in about the year 1750 are of a nature which makes an irresistible appeal in these days, when the existence of the Empire may be said to depend in a large degree upon the answer of the nation to the cry for "Munitions, more munitions, and still more munitions!" Curiously enough, although Woolwich has appealed by its picturesqueness in certain aspects to such artists as Turner and John Varley, and figures frequently in Peppys's delightful "Diary," in which he tells us how his wife went to Woolwich on May 28, 1667, "in order to [take] a little ayre," Peppys being at that time Secretary of the Admiralty, it seems to have been unduly neglected, although Paul Sandby made drawings of the Royal Foundry at Woolwich, and the Royal Military Academy, some five-and-twenty

years later than the water-colours which we reproduce. The Royal Laboratory, Woolwich, as it was first called, was then, as now, our greatest munition-factory; yet before 1757, only 169 men were employed there, and the site occupied measured only 100 yards by 70 yards. The Tower-House was the first home of the Royal Military Academy from its inception in 1741; and our general view from within the "Square" shows it, and the river and shipping in the background. The water-colours, which number eleven in all, were sold by auction at Messrs. Hodgson's famous rooms, and were purchased by "The Illustrated London News." The artist is not known. Woolwich Arsenal now covers over 600 acres, and even in peace time employs between 15,000 and 20,000 hands.

CATCHING THE 'BUS, 1915: A WAR VERSION OF A FAMILIAR LONDON STREET SCENE.

PHOTOGRAPH THE COPYRIGHT OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



BY 'BUS TO THE FIRING-LINE: BRITISH SOLDIERS ABOUT TO BOARD 'BUSES FOR THE TRENCHES.

As Kipling has it, "There ain't no 'buses runnin' from the Bank ter Mandalay"; but there are 'buses—and London 'buses at that—running, as it were, from the Bank to the trenches. The converted 'bus, indeed, is a very valuable unit at the front. It has been seen in its usual paint and with all its advertisements upon it; but more frequently it is painted a neutral tint, and has upon it signs of the particular branch of the Service to which it is attached. Sometimes its body is

removed and a lorry body substituted. It is used, as we have already noted, for conveying troops to the trenches, and for such purposes as transporting ammunition and food. A number of the vehicles are driven by men who were once drivers of London 'buses, and these have shown not only that skill which was so marked when they were in the old country, but a fine fighting spirit.

CATCHING THE 'BUS, 1915: REST-BASE TO TRENCHES.

PHOTOGRAPHS THE COPYRIGHT OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



REST-BASE TO TRENCHES: BRITISH SOLDIERS WAITING FOR 'BUSES TO TAKE THEM TO THE FIRING-LINE.

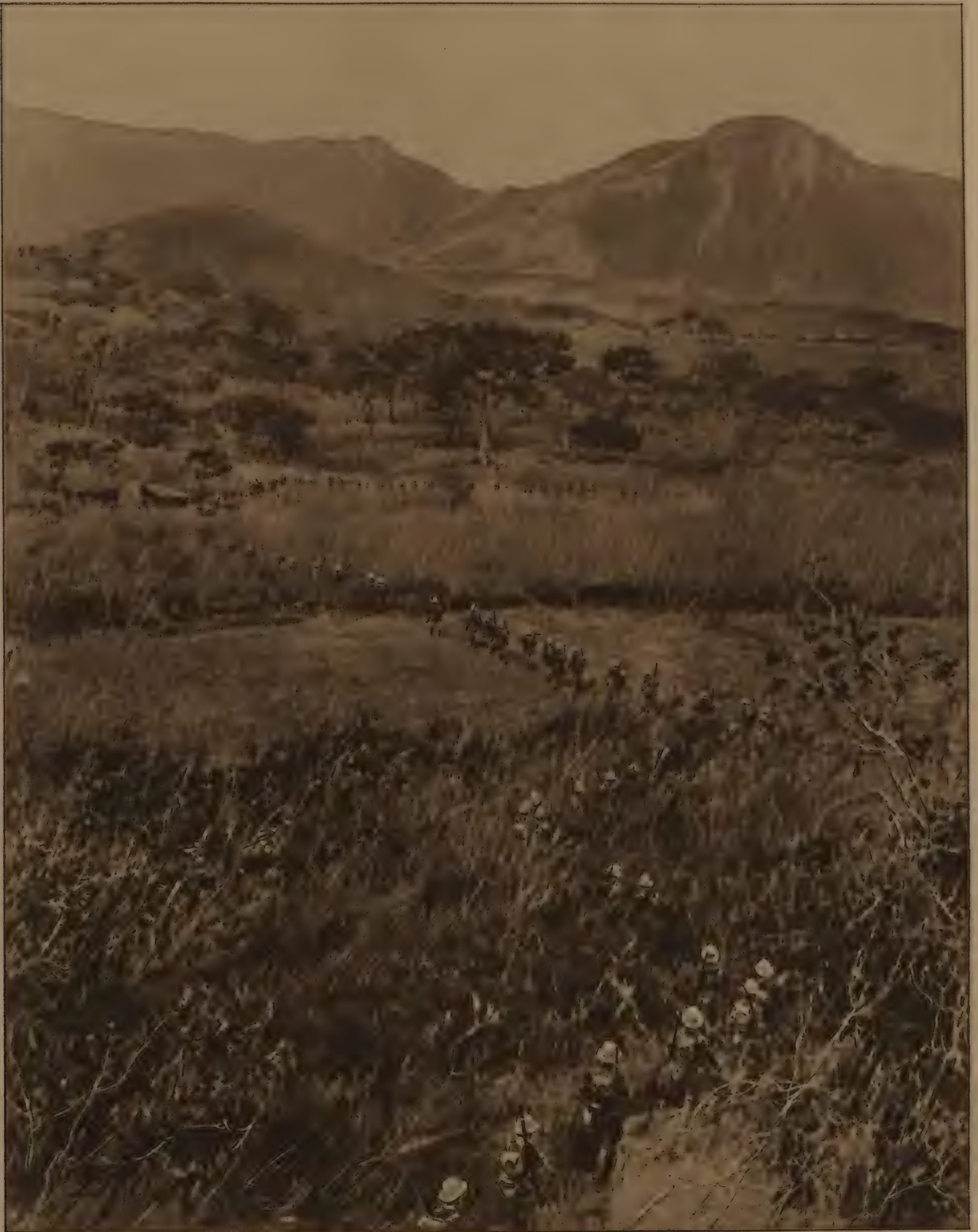


FULL INSIDE AND OUT: MOTOR-'BUSES LADEN WITH BRITISH TROOPS ON THE WAY TO THE TRENCHES.

As we note under our double-page, the motor-'bus has proved of great value at the front. A letter from an officer, to the "Manchester Guardian," is of particular interest in view of this. "We were in rather a bad corner," he writes, "and things were

getting very sultry, as the ammunition was running out. At the nick of time it arrived—what do you think? A Hendon 'bus! I never was so glad to see a Hendon 'bus before." The prosaic London 'bus has at last earned an honourable niche in history.

THE GERMAN EAST AFRICA OPERATIONS: MARCHING IN THE UNKNOWN.



THROUGH BUSH COUNTRY, BY KAFFIR PATHS UNTRODDEN BY ANY WHITE MEN BEFORE: RHODESIANS ADVANCING
IN SINGLE FILE TO THE BORDER OF NORTHERN RHODESIA.

The correspondent who sends this photograph notes: "It illustrates the progress of one of the Union Forces, in this instance Rhodesians, on their way to the border of Northern Rhodesia, in connection with the operations in German East Africa. The force, which travelled the Zambesi and from south to north of Lake Nyasa by steamers, had marched some 323 miles, 196 of them through bush country traversed only by Kaffir paths, which meant marching for the greater part of the time in single file. As there were a number

of black carriers with the force, the line was very extended. For a good deal of the way the paths in question had never before been trodden by white men, and members of the force declare that they have done 'a good many Alpine Chasseur stunts over some enormous kopjes,' one day climbing 3000 feet in fourteen miles. Each man carried his pack, rifle, and 150 rounds of ammunition, the complete load weighing about 47 lb. Much of the marching was done at night; but even then the heat was intense."

HAS THE GREAT WAR PRODUCED A GREAT GENERAL? LEADERS ON BOTH SIDES WHO BID FOR PRE-EMINENCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARTRIDGE, MANUEL, PETIT, ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, SPOT AND

GENERAL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., STANLEY, E.N.A., RUSSELL, AND DARNETT.



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.
"On the side of the Allies two commanding figures overtopped all others—General Joffre and the Grand Duke Nicholas."



GENERAL IVANOV.
"General Joffre and the Grand Duke Nicholas . . . were in a true sense national dictators . . . in them was focussed the Government of France and Russia. . . They were men of that large simplicity which is one of the secrets of greatness. They had a genius for disentangling the essential from the less essential; for



GENERAL DURAIL.



GENERAL DE CASTELNAU.

regarding subordinates, and seeing issues in their true perspective. Both generalisations were fortunate in having brilliant subordinate. The army group commanders—Alexiev and Ivanov, Foch, de Castelnau, and Duhall—had certainly no superiors in the German forces, and probably no equals."



GENERAL ALEXIEV.

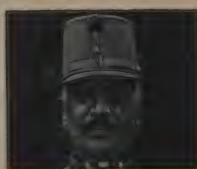


GENERAL BOROVITCH VON BOJNA.

"Austria began with third-rate leaders, and in the process of the campaign discovered several who might rank well up in the second class."



GENERAL LOUIS BETHA.
"One British soldier . . . was a unique reputation. General Betha was so far the one clear conqueror, and . . . had shown . . . a high degree of technical military skill."



GENERAL VON PFLANZER-BALTIN.
"The Danke and von Aufsenbergs (Austrians) of the early days were displaced in the spring by new men—Borovitch von Bojna, Bochn-Ermoldi, and von Pflanzner."



DUKE ALBRECHT OF WÜRTTEMBERG.
"Of the other (German) leaders the Duke of Württemberg seemed to have increased his reputation, while that of the Imperial Crown Prince and the Crown Prince of Bavaria had declined."



GENERAL FUCH.

"Fuch, in particular, had some claims to be considered the first soldier in Europe." He first held a command in Lorraine. Then followed his masterly effort in the Battle of the Marne. Later he became Commander of the Armies of the North."



GENERAL JOFFE.

"Two commanding figures overtopped all others—General Joffre and the Grand Duke Nicholas. . . The humblest jaw-jaw had in his midst a picture of a bluff, taciturn, yet kindly General, a true father of his children, whose wisdom would yet give France victory."



SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

The War Office announced on December 15: "General Sir Douglas Haig has been appointed to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French in command of the Army in France and Flanders."



GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
"In Sir William Robertson . . . he (Sir John French) had a most capable lieutenant." General Robertson has just been appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff."

GENERAL BOHN-ERDMULLI.
"The new men . . . were at any rate able to conform to the German strategy. There seems no reason to suspect her (Austria's) Archdukes of special talent."



FIELD-MARSHAL VON MACKENSEN.

"Germany produced . . . highly competent army commanders, of whom von Mackensen was the most successful. . . We have called him the most successful rather than the ablest, for fortune gave him the less rôle."



GENERAL RADKO DMITRIEFF.

"Both Generalissimo (i.e., General Joffre and the Grand Duke Nicholas) were fortunate in having brilliant subordinates. . . Of the highest quality were some of the Corps Commanders, such as Brussilov, Leuch, and Dmitrieff in the East, and D'Urbal and Manby in the West." General Dmitrieff, it may be recalled, though holding a command in the Russian Army, is a Bulgarian who is opposed to the present policy of his country. A few weeks ago he was placed in command of the fortified



GENERAL BRUSILOV.



GENERAL D'URBAL.

District of Riga, where during November he received a visit from the Tsar and the Tsarevitch. Shortly before that he was reported to have said: "The Bulgarians are now being led to self-immolation. . . The conviction must be made to penetrate the Bulgarian Army that Russia comes not as an oppressor, but . . . as the liberator from the German nightmare which has hung over Bulgaria for forty years. If my voice reaches Bulgaria, I believe my old Third Army will lead it."



GENERAL MAUD'HUY.



FIELD-MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG.

"Von Hindenburg was for Germany the discovery of the first year of war. . . But, apart from the local knowledge which won him Tannenberg, it is difficult to detect . . . any transcendent military genius."

In view of recent changes in the high commands of the British and French Armies, interest naturally attaches to a question touched upon by Mr. John Buchan in the opening chapter of Volume VIII, of his "History of the War"—a survey of the first year's operations. The question is whether this great conflict has brought to the front any leaders of outstanding military genius. Mr. Buchan writes: "The absence of great statesmen in the present war was not atoned for by the presence of commanding figures in the field. By June 28 the

new Napoleon had not come, not even, perhaps, a new Moltke. It is premature to judge the work of men whose tasks were still incomplete, but the exact standing of reputations after a year of struggle is in itself a fact which the historian must account for." We give above portraits of nearly all the principal leaders on both sides discussed by Mr. Buchan, with extracts quoted from his remarks about them. Exigencies of space and division have necessitated some slight repetition in certain cases.

WHERE THE TURKS VAINLY TRIED TO DISLODGE GENERAL TOWNSHEND: KUT-EL-AMARA; AND OTHER TIGRIS SCENES.



1. SHOWING, IN THE CENTRE, ONE OF THE PECULIAR ROUND BOATS, KNOWN AS KUFAS, USED ON THE TIGRIS: A GENERAL VIEW OF KUT-EL-AMARA.
2. LED BY BRITISH OFFICERS AND FIGHTING SIDE BY SIDE WITH BRITISH TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA: INDIAN CAVALRY IN THE DESERT.
3. WHERE THE ANGLO-INDIAN FORCES DEFEATED PERSISTENT ATTACKS BY THE TURKS: KUT-EL-AMARA, SHOWING TWO KUFAS BY THE RIVER BANK.
4. WHERE SUN-HELMETS AND SHORTS ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY: BRITISH TROOPS IN MESOPOTAMIA GOING ON PICKET DUTY.

In the House of Commons on December 22 the Secretary for India, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, gave the total British casualties of all ranks in Mesopotamia since the return of General Townshend's force to Kut-el-Amara, after the check at Ctesiphon. These casualties amounted to 1127, including 200 deaths, of which 49 were from disease. Sir John Nixon, he said, was in chief command of the forces, but was not actually at Kut. On December 21 the following statement was issued by the India Office: "General Townshend reports that, in his estimation, the Turks must have lost no less than 2500 men in the rearguard action of December 1, and in their abortive attack on his position at Kut-el-Amara during the night of December 12-13. During the night of December 17-18, mixed parties of British and Indian troops surprised the Turks in their advanced trenches, killing about 30 and taking

14 prisoners." The rearguard action on December 1 was fought some ten miles below Asisat, and thirty miles from Kut. The later action was referred to in an announcement by the India Office on December 17, which stated: "General Townshend reports from Kut-el-Amara that, according to Arab reports, the Turks lost 2000 men in their attack on the evening of December 12. General Townshend cannot confirm this, but he himself estimates that the Turks lost fully a thousand. They have not renewed their attacks since." The retreat of the Anglo-Indian forces from Ctesiphon down the Tigris to Kut-el-Amara was supported by a large number of river-craft. The troops had to traverse a caravan route for some eighty miles. About December 8 the Turks began their attack on the British position at Kut, and continued it during the next three days, but without success.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.



REPUTED AUTHOR OF FIVE HUNDRED WORKS: GEBER, THE ARABIAN ALCHEMIST.



PUNISHING THE REBELS: THE EGYPTIANS' BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY BURN'T BY ORDER OF DIOCLETIAN.



AUTHOR OF AN ENCYCLOPÆDIA ON MEDICINE: RHAZES, THE ARABIAN PHYSICIAN.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE REJECTION OF THE UNFIT.

IT is frequently said in the daily Press that the Germans are coming to the end of their reserves in the shape of men; and the fact that the halt, the maimed, and the blind appear among their last-conscripted levies is quoted in support. That the reserves in question are becoming exhausted may be conceded, and is in fact inevitable in the nature of things; but it does not follow that the admission into the fighting ranks of those formerly refused on the ground of physical unfitness is a proof of it. Rather is it a proof that the door was at first too narrow, and that the Germans have shown their usual quick acceptance of the change in the situation which some people mistake for "thoroughness" by setting it wider. It is a question whether we might not in this respect, as in others, copy them with advantage.

Every nation would doubtless, if it had the choice, prefer to see in the ranks of its armies none but well-grown, able-bodied, and athletic individuals. Fashion apart—and in this matter the influence of Friedrich Wilhelm the First's mania for an army of giants has remained with us longer than some of us would acknowledge—a tall and strong man costs no more to feed and clothe than a small and weak one; while it is probable that he will last longer and pick up the necessary knowledge of military matters in less time than the other. The worst of it is that all the men of military age in the population are not perfect specimens of humanity, and that the supply of thoroughly desirable recruits therefore becomes quickly exhausted and we are thrown back on those less desirable. In other words, after having got through the cream, we come to the skim. But can nothing be done with the skim?

All experience, I think, teaches that it can. The cause which since the war broke out has most frequently led to the rejection of recruits is, so far as can be ascertained, defective eyesight. The would-be soldier is asked to read letters and figures in black-and-white exhibited to him on the other side of the room, and is subjected in some cases to a few other rough tests of the same nature. If he fails to pass them, he is at once rejected by the examining doctor; and rejections from this cause naturally become more numerous as the stream of examinees continues, and the examiner finds that he has, therefore, less and less time to devote to each case. But these tests really

prove very little except that the examinee is short-sighted—an obstacle which is at once overcome by our enemies, a large proportion of whom wear glasses from their youth up, and

retain them when in due time they join the colours. Even more serious defects of vision, such as the partial or complete loss of sight in one eye, should by no means be taken as an insuperable bar to military service. With the rifle, one shoots with one eye and not with both open, and we all remember the remark in Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp" that the best shot in that delectable settlement had but one eye. An inquiry held some five years ago by the Académie des Sciences into the physical requirements of the army awarded a prize to Dr. Coullaud, who stated his opinion that many one-eyed men could be made into as good as, and even better shots than, those blessed with double vision.

The same sort of argument applies to other supposed disabilities. A champion sprinter has lately been denied admission to the infantry for what is popularly called "hammer-toe." But this can easily be remedied by a simple operation, and the same thing can be said of most varicose veins. Even if the patient does not wish to undergo the necessary operation, is it logical to refuse him on that account? Every doctor in West End practice will tell you that a good half of his male patients suffer from varicose veins in some form or other, yet that this does not prevent them from playing several rounds of golf a day, or shooting in Scotland, which generally means a hard day's tramping and climbing, for several days on end, when they get the chance. So with faulty or carious teeth, which is nearly as frequent a cause of rejection as bad eyesight. Dentistry in competent hands could nearly always be trusted to put this right, with the added advantage that the patient would probably welcome instead of shrink from the operation. It will, of course, be said that this would cost money; but as we have just been told that each private soldier costs the State before he gets into the fighting line some £250, the expense of having his teeth put right would only be a very slight addition to this.

It seems hardly worth while at present to go into the case of those soldiers already made and tried who have suffered the loss of a leg or an arm, but are yet willing to re-engage if allowed. The Marquess of Anglesey, who lost a leg at Waterloo, yet led his regiment of cavalry with unabated dash for many years afterwards; but at present we are not yet reduced to the necessity of asking so much of our fighting men. Enough has been said to show that the last reserves of men in our own—and, *a fortiori*, in the enemy's—case have not yet been nearly reached.—F. L.



ELECTRICITY IN THE WAR: A GERMAN POWER-STATION BEHIND THE ENEMY'S FIRING-LINE.

The objects on the front wall of the building are fuzes. The three wires at the top are probably used to convey current to various arc-lamps.

Photograph by Continphot.



THE ENEMY'S USE OF ELECTRICITY: THE INTERIOR OF A GERMAN FIELD POWER-STATION.

The petrol motor, or oil-engine, here seen is driving a dynamo for supplying electric current, which may be used for various purposes—e.g., lighting, electrifying wire entanglements, and so on. The above is a portable plant.—[Photograph by Continphot.]

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHYTE, BERESFORD, SPÉAIGHT, ELLIOTT AND FRY, SWAINE, CHASE, LAFAYETTE, BACON, LANGFIER, MOFFAT, HALL, SEARLE, AND GALE AND POLDEN.



MAJOR JAMES BARRON,
7th Cameron Highlanders. Died of
wounds received in action on Hill 70.
He was thirty-eight.



CAPTAIN E. W. BURY,
King's Royal Rifles. Killed in
France, December 4, 1915. Joined
K.R.R. at beginning of war.



CAPTAIN P. S. G. WAINMAN,
6th (attached 2nd) Worcestershire
Regiment. He was a Captain on
the retired list.



CAPTAIN H. K. OAKES,
3rd Regiment, Canadian Mounted
Rifles. He was killed in action
with Canadian Contingent.



EARL DE LA WARR,
R.N.V.R. Died of dysentery at
Messina. War-correspondent, travel-
ler, and "creator" of Bexhill-on-Sea.



2ND LIEUT. OWEN HUGHES,
Royal Engineers. Has two brothers
on active service. He was killed on
November 29.



LIEUT. G. BRADSTREET,
Royal Engineers. Son of Sir Edward
Bradstreet, and heir to the Baronetcy.
He was born in March 1891.



LIEUT. K. G. H. FORD,
11th Battalion, Cheshire Regiment,
Son of the Venerable Archdeacon
E. A. Ford, The Rectory, Bebington.



LIEUT. E. A. FORREST,
11th Gloucestershire Regiment.
Died at Malta, from blood-
poisoning.



LIEUT.-COL. C. L. SNOW,
H.H. Coastguards. Killed at Mersa
Matruh, Egypt, while reconnoitring
in the Western Desert.



LIEUT. F. J. CHRISTISON,
10th Argyll and Sutherland High-
landers. He was son of Sir
Alexander and Lady Christison.



2ND LIEUT. W. F. CLIFFORD,
2nd Irish Guards. He was reported
in the official lists as wounded; now
reported killed.



LIEUT. GUY ARBER,
Border Regiment, att. 7th Highland
L.I. Killed on service with the
M.E.F. An architect.



CAPTAIN F. C. W. WYNTER,
1st Oxon and Bucks L.I. Was
gazetted 2nd Lieutenant, May 1911;
temporary Captain, last September.



2ND LIEUT. J. E. BALFOUR-
MELVILLE,
Black Watch. Son of Mr. Leslie
Balfour-Melville, Edinburgh.



LIEUT. C. L. SMITH,
11th Gordon Highlanders. Was
reported wounded and prisoner;
now reported killed.



2ND LIEUT. N. C. HENDERSON,
Black Watch. Died in Field Hos-
pital at Gondcourt. Son of Mrs.
George Henderson, Palace Court.



2ND LIEUT. V. E. OWEN,
9th Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
Youngest son of the Rev. T. E.
Owen, Rector of Aberdaron.



LIEUT. J. C. BELL,
R.A.M.C. Was in practice in
West Coker, Somerset. Died of
dysentery at Alexandria.



2ND LIEUT. E. F. CORNER,
8th Buffs. He was killed in
action during the fierce fighting
at Hulluch.



CAPTAIN H. G. BRODIE,
103rd Mahrattas. Was killed in
action while serving with the forces
at the Persian Gulf.

Earl de la Warr, who died at Messina of rheumatic fever and dysentery, contracted while in command of a motor patrol-boat in the Mediterranean, was the eighth holder of the title. During last winter he was serving in a motor patrol-boat at Dunkirk and on the canals of Belgium. In the South African War he held a commission in Bethune's Horse, and he was on the Staff of Lord Dundonald during the engagements leading to the relief of Ladysmith, and was awarded the Queen's medal. Lord de la Warr also served

as a war-correspondent in the South African War; and during the present war received a commission in the R.N.V.R. He was twice married, and leaves a son, Herbrand Edward Dundonald Brassey Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, upon whom the title devolves, and two daughters. Lord de la Warr will be remembered as the creator of Bexhill-on-Sea, once a mere village, now a fashionable resort with a large resident population, the development being chiefly due to his enterprise and energy.

JAPANESE DRAWINGS OF THE JAPANESE ENTHRONEMENT: AT TOKYO.



ON THE ROUTE OF THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION IN TOKYO:
ONE OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES ON "CORONATION" DAY.



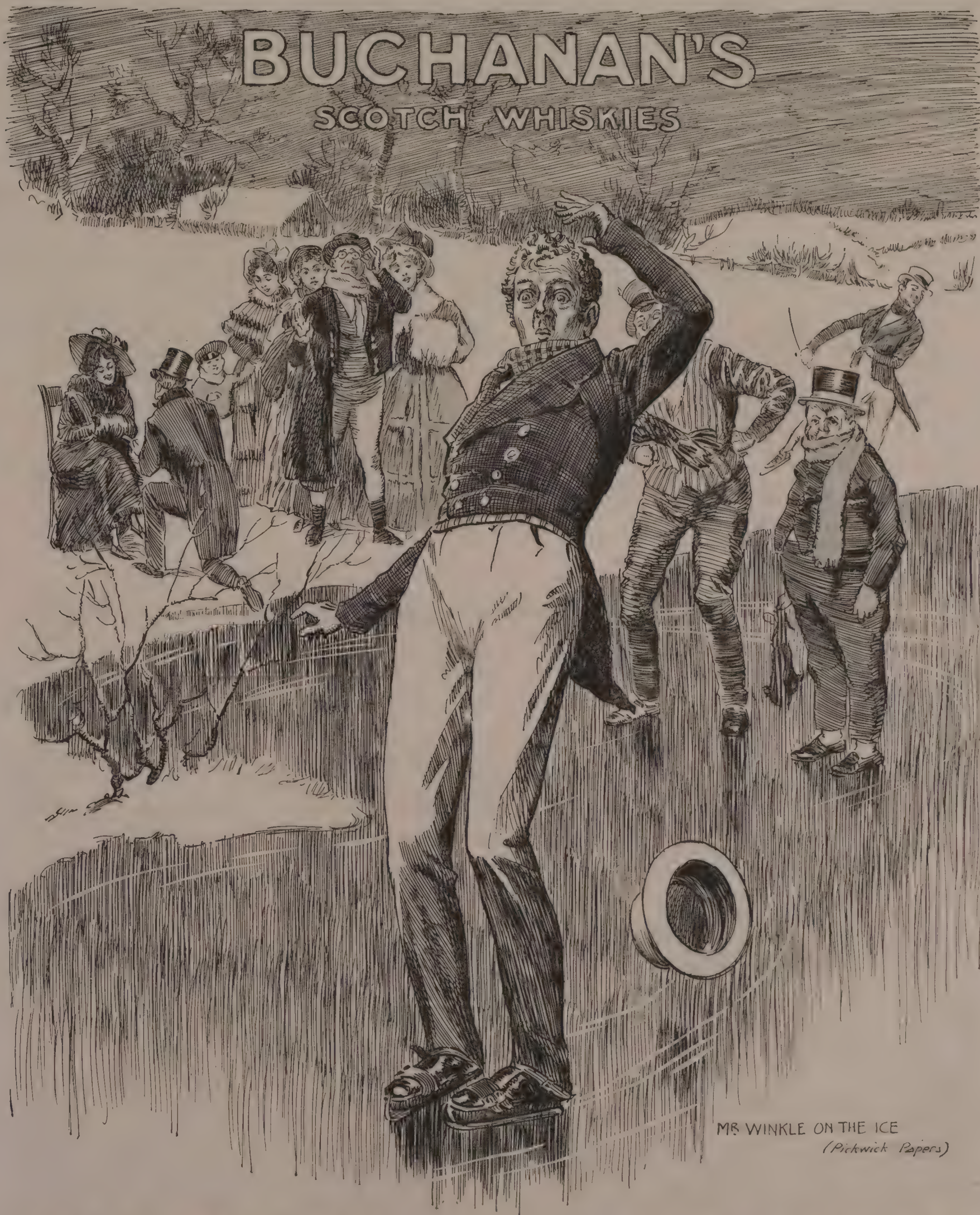
THE SACRED TREASURES PASSING THROUGH THE BANZAI ARCH:
THE IMPERIAL PROCESSION IN TOKYO.



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN IN HIS STATE COACH, WHICH SUGGESTS THAT OF OUR OWN SOVEREIGN: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY
LEAVING THE PALACE IN TOKYO ON HIS WAY TO KYOTO FOR THE ENTHRONEMENT.

Although we have already illustrated the enthronement of the Emperor Yoshihito by photographs (in our issues of December 18 and 25), and by drawings of Japanese enthronement ceremonies (in that of December 11), we feel that no apology is needed for returning to the subject. The drawings we are now enabled to give, which will be followed later by others, are particularly interesting as being the work of a Japanese artist and illustrating scenes connected with the enthronement that took place on November 10. The ceremony itself was held at Kyoto, the former capital of Japan.

A few days earlier, the proceedings opened by the departure of the Emperor in State from Tokyo, the present capital, whence he travelled to Kyoto by a train specially built for the occasion. With him went the Sacred Treasures symbolic of the Japanese Imperial power—the Divine Mirror, the Sword, and the Jewel—which were borne in the procession in a ceremonial shrine carried by yellow-robed bearers. The ancient costumes, the triumphal arches, and the decorations combined to form a most picturesque and impressive pageant.



MR WINKLE ON THE ICE
(Pickwick Papers)

“BLACK & WHITE” AND “RED SEAL”

“In aid of the Red Cross Society.”

Messrs. Jas. Buchanan & Co. are issuing their Dickens Portfolio, containing thirteen Studies from the Works of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, together with a portrait of Dickens himself, beautifully reproduced in Colours from the Original Paintings by Mr. Frank Reynolds, at 5/- each, carriage paid. The net proceeds will be handed over to the Red Cross Society.

These studies can be obtained on application at the Firm's Head Office, 26, Holborn, London, E.C.

LADIES' PAGE.

MARKING the unaltered flight of Time, the season has again come round when we are accustomed to "much frequent" the January sales. Though these annual clearance events are on a smaller scale this winter than in better times, they are not entirely abandoned, and in many respects are even more than usually beneficial to the economical. Prices are exceptionally moderate, for instance, in the famous linen and similar goods manufactured by Messrs Robinson and Cleaver at Belfast, and to be inspected at their splendid premises Linen Hall, Regent Street, London—worth a visit for the building alone, but far more for the fascinating contents displayed on every side. It is obvious that when so much skilled labour is withdrawn, the goods manufactured from the fine Irish-grown flax must become constantly more and more scarce and costly. Those of us who need to replenish our stock of household or personal linen will do wisely, therefore, to seize the present opportunity. Better and finer linen is nowhere to be found than Messrs Robinson and Cleaver's, whether for household use, such as table linen, curtains, towels and quilts, or such goods as handkerchiefs, lingerie for ladies, of the most delicate or the most utilitarian order, blouses, etc.; and for men, shirts, collars, and woven wool or linen underwear. In all these articles, great bargains are offered throughout January. A catalogue will be sent on application.

Messrs. Liberty and Co. are not issuing a printed catalogue this winter, but a number of classes of their usual goods are to be seen that are generously marked down. There are actually some model costumes in velvet cloth that were originally thirty guineas, now to be disposed of at sixty-five shillings; and coats and skirts in the charming "Liberty" tweeds, serges, and cloths, originally nine guineas, are to be had now for only four guineas. The soft and artistic "Liberty" floral muslins and voiles and crêpes that will be needed when the blessed spring arrives, are within every girl's reach at half-price, only ninepence the yard. There are bargains to be picked up in the Oriental silks, the millinery, the blouse, cloak, and furnishing drapery departments; and of course we all know that absolutely everything at these famous Regent Street shops is in good taste.

Burberrys' well-known weatherproof goods are reduced for their January sale to exactly half-price. In spite of the heavy demands that they are meeting for naval and military wear, Burberrys have made full preparations for this great bargain sale, and a large number of the choicest models, weatherproof top-coats, ladies' coats and skirts, men's suits, and hats for either sex's wear, have been placed ready for purchase. Many distinctive cloths, woven and proofed by Burberrys' special processes, and covering every description of texture, weight, colouring, and pattern, have been appropriated to the making up of garments which will be sold at such reduced prices as



AN ORIGINAL MODEL IN BLUE CHARMEUSE.
Carried out in "soldier" blue charmeuse with embroideries on the bodice. The principal features of this model are the pleated white Ninon collar and the drapery of the skirt on the right side.

bring them easily within the reach of everyone who prefers to buy the best materials for the excellent reason that they are invariably the most economical and satisfactory. There are also included in the sale a few military weatherproofs and other articles of Service equipment, which have either been used as models or left on hand during the year's trading. The sale begins on Jan. 1, at the well-known premises in the Haymarket, London, S.W., whence a catalogue can be had.

Somebody ought to be making a record of all that women are doing in this time. From the successful work of the women doctors and nurses in war-hospitals one turns to the story of the hunting women who are running, without the help of any men at all, "convalescent remount depôts" to nurse wounded horses back to usefulness. One day we see the portrait of a brave French girl being decorated with the Military Cross by a French General for her actual share in the fighting at Loos, and the next we read the return made to Parliament that women makers of munitions are so steady and reliable that only one has been fined by the munitions tribunals. Out of 3868 cases heard, only 94 concerned women, and 90 of these were applications for leaving-certificates. Nevertheless, much work offered by women has been officially refused. The bad record in this respect of the Labour Bureaux is well known, but the rejection of higher capacity is even more unfortunate. A lady who was once my secretary, being now married and having some leisure, has been offering her services ever since the war began (gratuitously always) without result. First of all, as she speaks French, she offered to act as interpreter for the Belgian refugees, and was curtly refused. She has now quite a collection of refusals of her help in various skilled capacities, the latest coming last month, when, in response to the plea that women should try to get some immediate training to enable them to fill the places of 150,000 male clerks, my persevering young friend offered to teach shorthand and typing free to some County Council girls' classes, and before me lies the official reply: "It is not possible to utilise your services."

I know of a lady who holds a very high University degree in science who offered for a very important task for which she was competent, and was merely told that some young men were being brought from Canada to be trained to do what she could have undertaken at once. The farmers, too, say that they want women's labour. Well, in the spring I sat in the presence of a youthful official to whom I explained that I was in touch with about a thousand women willing to do farm-work; and his courtesy could hardly conceal his amusement at the notion that the Board of Agriculture should in any way really assist to bring this labour in touch with the farmers. So let it not be supposed that what women are doing, much as it is, means all that they could and would do for the country. Perhaps it will now be realised that what the women who have pleaded for wider opportunities for their sex asked for was always mainly opportunity for service.

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A Smile after Shaving.

Comfort during—and after
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COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Its rich softening lather helps the razor, and leaves the face cool and refreshed.

The feeling of a clean smooth skin is only one reward of saying 'Colgate's' when you buy a Shaving preparation. Just try Colgate's Stick for your shave to-morrow morning.

Packed in handsome rust-proof nickelled box most convenient for officers' kits, and always ready for use.

COUPON Dept. S. 1/1/16

I enclose 3d. in stamps to defray cost of packing and postage of a trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick.

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—Ladies' Field.

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Genuine
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BURBERRY WALKING GOWN.

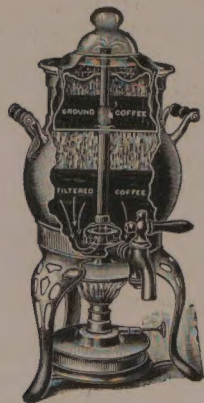
A smart and practical costume made in a charming variety of Burberry Weatherproof Tweeds. Pivot sleeves afford absolute freedom to the arms.

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Made in Nickel or Copper finish.

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"UNIVERSAL"
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Fitted with patented non-rusting Shock Absorber, which practically eliminates breakage.

SAFE, SANITARY, DURABLE.
Retains heat for 24 hours.

An excellent Gift for our Soldiers and Sailors at home and abroad.

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have used this most economical Dentifrice with utmost satisfaction. A few drops produce a most refreshing lather and cleanser, rendering the teeth white, and arresting decay.

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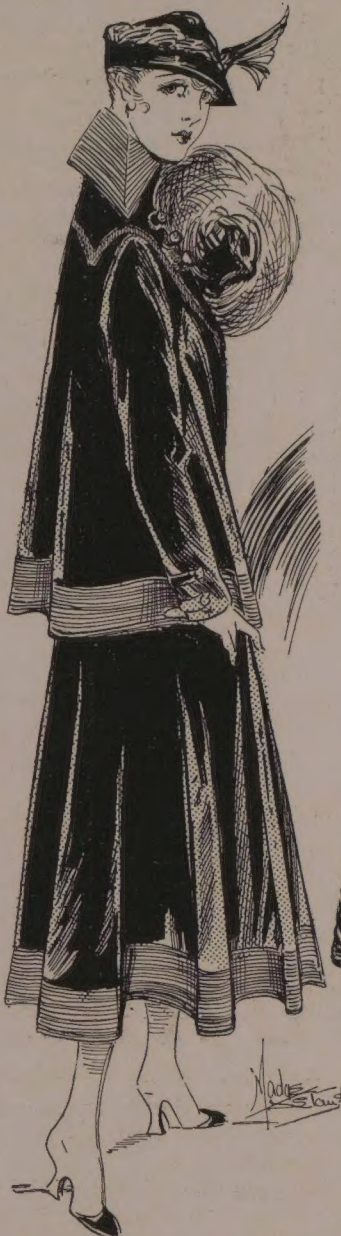
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Coat and Skirt in chiffon—finished velveteen. Both coat and skirt cut on the new full lines and finished wide silk braid.

Original Price, 8½ gns.
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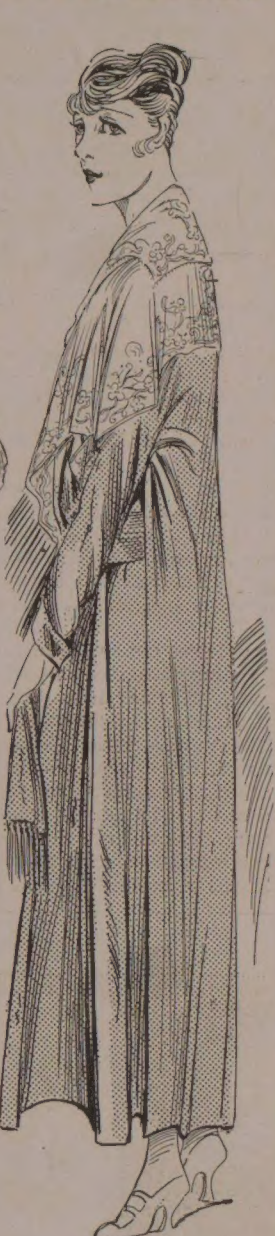
Street Coat, in best quality wool velour, cut on full, becoming lines, collar and deep flounce of real caracul fur. In black and a large range of soft colourings.

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18 Only, Model Fur Coats in pin point lamb in white, grey and mole; also black pony-skin coats, the model sketched being a typical example.

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Restgown in coloured charmeuse, copy of a Doucet model. New panel back, handsome wide double collar, in lace, edged fringe. In a variety of colours.

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These goods cannot be sent on approval.

WIGMORE STREET & WELBECK STREET LONDON W.

Great Linen Sale

Price list sent
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Write to-day.



A splendid selection of articles, all at manufacturers' prices and of the standard Robinson and Cleaver quality. The following are selected from our list.

TOWELS, etc.—Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, fancy designs and Shamrock designs size 24 x 41 inches, 26/9 dozen. **APRON LINEN**, bleached, 45 ins., 1/10 yd.; 50 ins., 2/1 yd.; 54 ins., 2/3 yd. **LINEN TEA TOWELLING**, checked, 26 inches, 95/6 per yard.

TABLE CLOTHS.—Oddments in Table cloths: size 2 x 2 yds., 6/6, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6 each; 2 x 2½ yds., 8/5, 10/8, 13/6, and 14/9 each; 2 x 3 yds., 9/5, 12/6, and 15/6 each.

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Ladies' Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 12½ ins., with 3/16-in. hem, 3/5 per dozen. No. N11.—Gentlemen's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 18½ ins., with 3/16-in. hem, 5/8 per dozen. No. N12.—Gentlemen's Khaki Handkerchiefs about 18½ inches, 1/10 per dozen.

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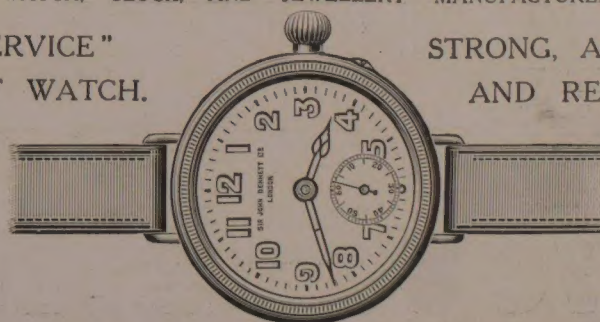
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Established in the Reign of King George II, (1750)
WATCH, CLOCK, AND JEWELLERY MANUFACTURERS.

THE "SERVICE"
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STRONG, ACCURATE,
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

November Imports.

Among the latest Government papers issued are the Board of Trade Returns for November. It is pleasant to announce that both the exports and imports have increased as compared with the same month in 1914. The best feature of these figures is the rise in the exports, which is the highest since the outbreak of war. Hats off to the Navy! As to the jeremiads uttered by those against the imposition of a duty on motor-cars and parts,

duty to be paid not much less than this amount—a very excellent contribution to the Exchequer. The imports of tyres amounted to £359,872, an enormous increase on the £82,059, their value for the same month in 1914. The same remark applies to the car parts, which were of the value of £222,503 as compared with £38,626 for the corresponding period.

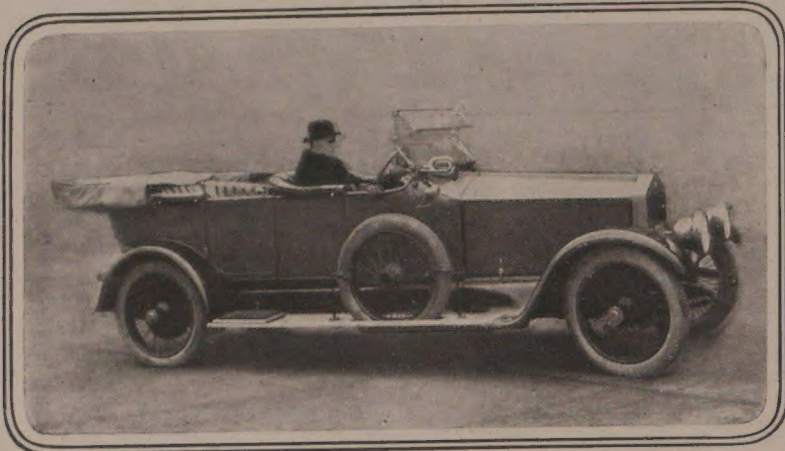
Garage Tools.

I suppose everybody knows that no tools can be either imported or exported without the permission of the Government. At the same time, there are lots of workshops crying out for them. Now there are sprinkled all over the country in various motor garages quite a number of lathes and other machine tools that could be utilised if they were gathered together. The owners do not want actually to part with them for good, but would no doubt rent them out. It seems to me that, if this were Germany, all such tools lying more or less idle would be commandeered. Here we do things less violently, but at the same time something ought to be effected to utilise such valuables at the present moment. If owners of such plant will communicate with me, I will put them in touch with firms needing their equipment, provided they will send me full details of the machines they can lend, sell, or hire. It seems rather a funny task to undertake for a newspaper of this description, but somebody has got

extra discounts or free gifts of any description. How the public will view this matter remains to be seen, but the M.T.A. are asking the whole of the Press to support their method of business on the grounds that if the public pay the full price they will get better service in the long run, as traders who cut prices cannot make sufficient profit to stop long in business. Yet these self-same traders are asking their customers to buy cheap American cars now, and not wait until our British makers can supply them with better ones. Also, agents don't cut prices in everything, nor all the same things; so unless the whole of the selling world unites against the buyers it seems a big job.

W. W.

The Christmas Number of the *Rudge Record*, the second special war issue of this bright little journal of a well-known house, gives a great deal of interesting information from employees of Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., serving in the Forces at the front and in training. There is also an account of the visit paid to the munition works in Coventry by his Majesty the King on July 22, and some interesting details of the varied activities of Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., as a "controlled" munition factory, in which capacity they are maintaining the high standard which has always been associated with the name. The whole is fully illus-



BUSY AT A HEAD-CENTRE OF MUNITIONS WAR WORK: A NOTABLE SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR.

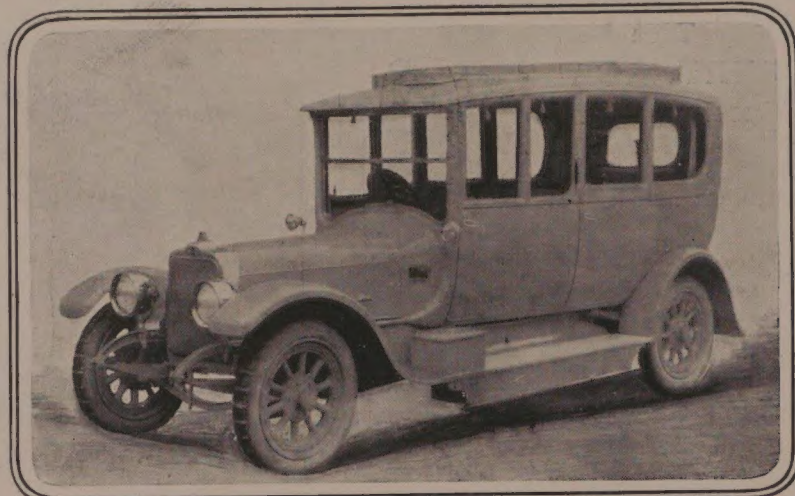
This extremely smart and go-ahead looking car may claim to be among the war-workers, as being the property of Mr. A. C. Allday, the Manager of the National Shell Factory at Birmingham. It is a new acquisition, and was recently supplied by the Sizaire-Berwick firm.

I wonder what excuse they will have this month for the increase? In October they talked about orders that could not be stopped. For November they will have to find some other reason to account for an increase of £16,129,030, and a total of £71,647,160. British exports totalled £35,639,166, an increase of £11,037,547. I wish the import and export figures were reversed, but look forward to chronicle that event in the days to come, and the sooner the better. At any rate, the whole aspect is more cheerful, and let us hope will continue to improve on the same lines. Dealing with the actual figures of the Board of Trade Returns, exports for complete cars amounted to £119,491, and chassis £15,966, while tyres and tubes were £56,345, and motor parts £62,855, making a total of £254,657 as against £223,074 for November 1914. The imports of cars amounted to £278,421, and chassis £106,473, as against £177,262 and £120,129 respectively for November 1914. Now the complete cars are pleasure-cars and not commercial vehicles, so they must have paid the duty; yet it will be noticed the increase is well over £110,000 and the

to do something in the matter; while at present everyone seems to talk about this shortage of tools, and nothing is done.

A New Sign.

According to the intentions of the Motor Trade Association, all its members—the motor-agents—are about to hang outside their doors a new sign to let the public know they belong to the M.T.A. Now, as far as the public are concerned, this association is a trade-union organisation whose efforts are directed to prevent motor-agents undercutting each other and underselling their goods to the public. That is to say, the buyer is to be made to pay the full advertised price of the various commodities purchased by motorists, whether cars, tyres, or accessories. In future there are to be no "store prices" in any of these motor-shops, no



A FINE CAR NOW IN THE EAST: A CLEMENT-TALBOT 25-50 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER LIMOUSINE—LATEST PRE-WAR MODEL.

The Clement-Talbot works are exclusively engaged on war work, and the limousine car above was one of the last turned out before that, for a client in India, who has found it ideal. It is of the latest Talbot model, luxuriously fitted and with seating for seven. All the windows open wide and, in addition, the car has electric-fans for the hot weather.

trated, and forms a very interesting record of the war-time work of a big firm. A copy will be sent, free, to any address on application to Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd., Coventry.



is the only true test of Tyre Efficiency.

WOOD-MILNES are built for high mileage. Everything that skill can provide and experience suggest is embodied in them—and we guarantee their good behaviour. It is easy to say that a tyre is good, but we can back ours up by a guarantee against all risks, except fire.

One of our tyres ran over 26,000 miles on a London taxi-cab, whilst another did over 20,000 miles on a large private car, mostly on the back wheel.

FOR WINTER DRIVING use Steel-Studded Wood-Milnes fitted diagonally with our "Special" All-rubber Non-Skid Tyres.

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Guaranteed 3,500 Miles.

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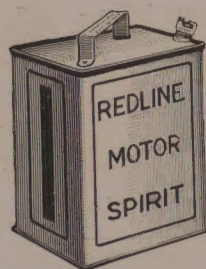
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the recently introduced British owned and controlled motor spirit. In a three months' road test an independent firm of experts proved to their own satisfaction that REDLINE II. gave them an average of

1.7 MILES MORE TO THE GALLON than any other spirit they had previously used, representing to them a

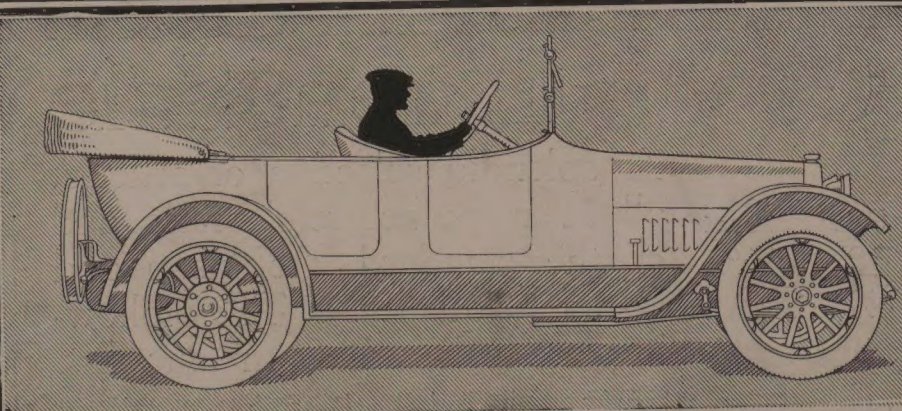
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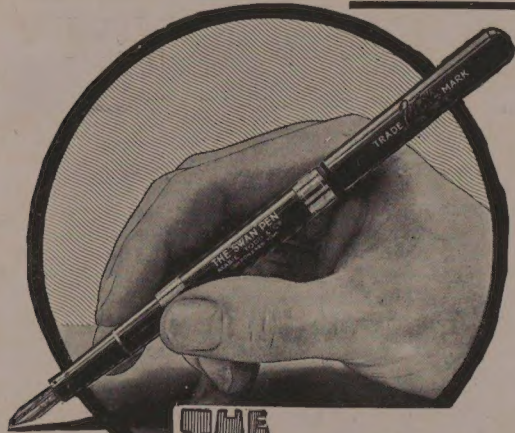
Antexema gives instantaneous relief and quickly cures every skin illness.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 1s. 3d. and 3s. per bottle, including Government stamp, or post free in plain wrapper, 1s. 6d. and 3s., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.



A message to Mothers

Get the Claxton Ear-Cap and let your child wear it in the nursery, and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will soon be corrected. Easy and comfortable in wear. Keeps hair from tangling during sleep, and promotes breathing through the nose. The Claxton Ear-Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are soft and pliable. Made in rose-pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to I. L. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W., and enclose remittance of 4/-. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, John Barnes & Co., Ltd., Garrould's, Woolland Bros., and other Ladies' Outfitters.



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Pains in the Back
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Strengthen Weak Backs
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Allcock's Plasters relieve promptly
and at the same time
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For over 60 years it has been the standard remedy for
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TAKE A **Brandreth's Pill**

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For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Indigestion, Etc.

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REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES

IN 15-CT. GOLD AND ENAMEL.

FINEST WORKMANSHIP.

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If the liver is right you will always be cheery and well. The first thing a doctor always asks about is the bowels. Carter's keep the bowels in good order.

Don't wait to be bilious. Keep **Carter's Little Liver Pills** handy and stop the first symptoms of bile. Good for Children.

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For Constipation
Biliousness
Sick Headache
Torpid Liver
Indigestion
Dizziness
Nervousness
Loss of Appetite
Sallow Skin

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F M W (Green Lanes).—The column is still in existence, but during the war the demands on our space permit it to appear only every other week. We shall be glad to receive your solution.

STANLEY WALTERS (York).—We have repeatedly to point out we cannot explain every move in a game. Your solution is the correct one.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. G. ATKINS and H. JACOBS.

(Centre Counter-Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th	Q takes P
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to R 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 3rd
6. P to K R 3rd	B to B 4th
7. P to R 3rd	

We have before remarked on Black's partiality for this opening, and his opponent proceeds with a degree of caution in face of that fact.

7.	Kt to Q 2nd
8.	B to Q 2nd
9.	B to Q B 4th
10.	B to K 3rd
11.	B to Q 3rd
12.	Q to Q 2nd
13.	B takes B
14.	Kt to Kt 5th
15.	Q Kt to K 4th
16.	Kt takes Kt (ch)
17.	B to B 4th
18.	P to Q B 3rd
19.	P takes P

R takes Q seems good enough to win. Black must gain one Pawn with another almost certain to follow. After which his strength on the Queen's wing should suffice.

20.	Q to K 2nd
21.	P to Q Kt 4th
22.	P to B 4th

The material gain looks tempting, but it is less than at first sight.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3712 received from P A (Arachon); of No. 3716 from C A M (Penang); of No. 3717 from S C Marshall, and W Yule (St. Louis, U.S.A.); of No. 3718 from F Mansur (Quincy, Mass., U.S.A.), H B Leadlay (Guelphs, Canada), W Lillie (Marple), A Aguiar (Lisbon), J Campbell (Raah), R F Morris (Que, Canada), C Barretto (Madrid), C Field (Atholl, Mass., U.S.A.), J M Mackenzie (Winnipeg), and Hakumat Rai (Calcutta); of No. 3719 from J Isaacson (Liverpool), H P Cole, and J Thomas (Leeds); of No. 3720 from J Verrall (Roddell), J Isaacson, E W Holdbrook (Lewisham), and A L Solomon (Queen's Park).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3721 received from J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), H Grasett Baldwin (Sunningdale), J J Dennis (Gosport), J S Forbes (Brighton), Blair H Cochran (Harting), W H Winter (Medstead), Rev. J. Christie (Redditch),

J Isaacson, F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), T T Gurney (Cambridge), Montagu Lubbock, F Smart, Stanley Walters (York), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), E J Winter Wood (Paignton), A W McFarlane (Waterford), Dr. J G F (Kingswinford), Hereward, S N Oakley, (Lewisham), Pietersen and W Yates (Dudley).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3719.—By K. P. D.E.

WHITE

1. Q to K R 7th
2. Kt to Q 7th
3. Q mates.

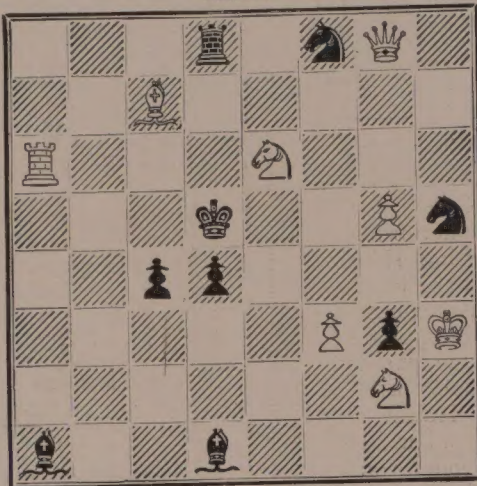
BLACK

K to Q 5th
K moves

If Black play 1. K to B 5th, 2. Q to R 5th; if K takes Kt at B 3rd, 2. P to K B 4th: if 1. K takes Kt, then 2. P to Q 4th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3722.—By F. G. TUCKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Mr. Alain C. White has issued for his Christmas card a volume (Office of Chess Amateur, Stroud) called "Tasks and Echoes." It contains a hundred problems by the best composers in the world, and we quote from its pages one of the most striking examples by O. Wurzburg: White—K at Q Kt 6th, Q at K Kt 8th, Kt at K Kt 6th, B at K B 4th. Black—K at K Kt 7th. White mates in three moves.

With the lapse of years the increasing variety and excellence of Walker's Diaries have become proverbial. The advantages of loose-leaf diaries are now well known. You touch a spring and your diary becomes fat or thin, large or small, as you require; and some of the morocco leather forms are extremely attractive. Admirable, too, are Walker's Graphic diaries, produced in various forms and bindings, and for many purposes. A week to the page is a speciality of the Graphic series. The series with velvet calf pockets and those of crush morocco and crocodile skin are good to look at as well as to use, and a feature of this year's diaries is that the pencils are British made. As presents at once constantly useful and essentially attractive, Walker's Diaries advance in favour year by year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VERY slight material for the making of a book, even a book of verse, forms the contents of "The Adventures of Seumas Beg," by Mr. James Stephens (Macmillan). Seumas Beg is said to be Irish for Little James, and his "adventures" are told in the manner of "A Child's Garden of Verses," but they lack the pointed neatness and humour of that nursery classic. To appreciate the difference, one has only to compare Mr. Stephens's lines on "The Cow" with the "Pretty cow, all red and white," of Stevenson. Still, the queer fancies of Seumas Beg have an individuality of their own. There is another set of little poems in the book, under the general title "The Rocky Road to Dublin." They are in similar vein, but meant, apparently, for grown-up children. Many of them have for title the name of a Dublin street or building, whose relevance to the verse is not always evident.

Many English readers will be glad to have, in a handy form at a popular price, books of selections from leading French writers of to-day on subjects connected with the war. These are provided in an attractive new series, "Ecrivains Français Pendant la Guerre," by the well-known Paris publishing house, the Librairie Larousse (13-17, rue Montparnasse). The first two volumes issued are: "Maurice Barrès" (3 fr. 50), and "Emile Boutroux," each with portrait. The Librairie Larousse also publish an excellent little series of stories of the war for children, eminently suitable for school-reading, called "Les Livres Roses," at 10 centimes each, in paper covers with many good illustrations. A long list includes "Nos Amis les Anglais," "Traits Héroïques de l'Armée Française," "Les Villes Françaises Héroïques," and "Les Serbes Héroïques."

Our active association with France in the war should have greatly increased the number of British readers of French history and biography, who will welcome a new edition, in English, of the famous "Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon" (Stanley Paul; six vols.), with their intimate picture of the Court of Versailles in the days of Louis XIV. The translator, Mr. Francis Arkwright, apologises for offering a translation of so well known a book from a language familiar to most educated English people. Probably few, however, read French fast enough to be able to take so long a work at the pace necessary to enjoy it, and, as its value resides in its matter more than its manner, a good translation was eminently desirable. There are some books—masterpieces of language—which cannot profitably be translated, but reminiscences mostly belong to another category. The Duke of Saint-Simon was intimately acquainted with the personalities and the inner history of the Grand Monarch's Court, and his pages are full of interesting gossip and anecdote. The volumes, of which we have received the first four, are well printed and bound, and illustrated with portraits and historic scenes in photogravure. Especially interesting among these at the present time are the old view of Mons, the bombardment of Liège by Marshal Boufflers on June 1, 1692, and the siege of Namur by the French in the same year.

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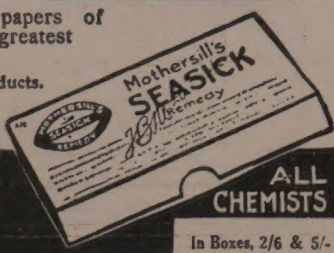
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